

JOHN BULL

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2/6
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SPECIAL!

SO great is the demand for an absolutely up-to-date Knitting Book for every home that "John Bull" this week gives its readers one further opportunity to secure a copy of this invaluable new Book. BUT YOU MUST ACT AT ONCE. Despite a reprint, supplies are rapidly becoming exhausted—It's "First come—First served!" Show your womanfolk this announcement. See how they'll rush to get this Book. Apply at once on Forms below!

THE PICTORIAL GUIDE TO MODERN HOME KNITTING

KNITTING FROM A TO Z. THE FINEST BOOK OF ITS KIND EVER PRODUCED. YOURS AT AN AMAZING PRIVILEGE PRICE—APPLY ON FORMS BELOW!

HAVE you yet secured "John Bull's" wonderful new Knitting Book? If not, here's a further chance which must be accepted at once! This work is entirely new—the first and only book of its kind in the world. A copy can be yours, provided you apply immediately, for the amazingly low privilege price of only 3/9, which includes carriage, packing, insurance, etc. It's a case of "First come—First served." All applications will be dealt with in strict rotation! YOU SEND NO MONEY NOW! Post Forms below at once!

"THE PICTORIAL GUIDE TO MODERN HOME KNITTING" is the most complete and up-to-date knitting book ever to be published—320 pages—over 700 practical how-to-do-it illustrations—full at-a-glance instructions—hundreds of useful, lovely things every woman can knit or crochet herself.

This is the only work of its kind that provides you with illustrations of scores and scores of attractive designs suitable for every type of knitted garment, together with full instructions on how to model or adjust any particular style PERFECTLY to your own figure or the figure of others.

MEN!

Your womanfolk would give anything to have this wonderful book—show this announcement to them and see! It's just what they want now they are all so busy knitting garments for the troops.

This book is fully indexed and printed throughout in clear-face type on beautifully ivory-finish paper. Actual size 10 in. deep by 7½ in. wide.

FOR THE STANDARD EDITION, bound in woven crash cloth, embossed on the spine and front, you send only 3/9, which includes carriage, packing, insurance, etc.

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BELOW are just a few of the hundreds of woollen garments which this wonderful book shows you how to make yourself—easily and economically.

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"JOHN BULL" has also secured limited supplies of THE PICTORIAL GUIDE TO MODERN HOME NEEDLE-CRAFT, everything from A to Z; over 300 pages; over 650 practical how-to-do-it drawings, diagrams and photographs—repairing, renovating, making—from sewing on a button to making an evening gown. Size of volume: 10 in. by 7½ in. Standard Edition: Crash Cloth of Natural Shade. Remit 3/9 after receipt of invoice. De Luxe Edition: Fadeless Red Sundour Cloth. Remit 4/9 after receipt of invoice. IF YOU WANT A COPY IN ADDITION TO THE KNITTING BOOK BE SURE TO INDICATE YOUR WISHES ON FORM OR RIGHT WHEN YOU ORDER YOUR KNITTING BOOK. A PRESENTATION INVOICE WILL THEN BE SENT TO YOU ENTITLING YOU TO SECURE BOTH VOLUMES AT THE SPECIAL PRIVILEGE PRICE.

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DATE
The last day for receipt of Reservations from this announcement is Thursday, December 28.
Offer applies only to Great Britain, Northern Ireland and Eire. "John Bull," 16/12/39.

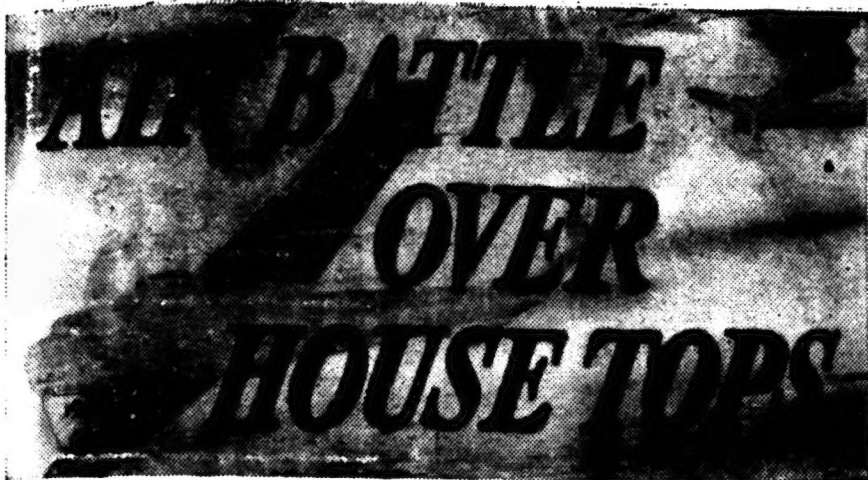
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J.B.3



IT was a cloudy November morning, and the inhabitants of a Kent town were going about their daily business. The menfolk were at work, the housewives were busy, and there were children playing in the street.

With dramatic suddenness the whole scene changed. High overhead came a German Dornier 17 Bomber—the "flying pencil," and following on its tail were two R.A.F. fighters. Then came the rattle of machine guns and cartridge cases began to fall like hail on the town that a minute or two before was so serene.

The townsfolk watched the big Nazi grey and blue 'plane sweeping in and out of the clouds above their houses, the R.A.F. boys in close pursuit. The Dornier dived, then a stream of bullets spat from the R.A.F. guns and a cloud of dark smoke marked the end of the raider as it went into its death spin.

It is on occasions such as this that the war is indeed brought to our own doors. No bombs were dropped on this occasion, but how long shall we be immune? Hence the significance of "John Bull's" offer of

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FOR EVERY READER

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Brief details follow of "John Bull's" Free Air Raid Insurance.

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Please deliver or reserve JOHN BULL for me weekly until further notice.

Signature

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Date

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J.B. 16/12/39.

POST THIS FORM TO

"John Bull" Registration Department,
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I have sent an Order Form to my Newsagent for the regular weekly delivery of JOHN BULL. Please register me as a regular reader.

Reader's Signature.....

Age.....

Address

Name and Address of Newsagent.....

Use Jd. stamp. Don't seal envelope. A Certificate setting out the full Benefits and Conditions and certifying registration will be sent if Jd. stamped addressed envelope is enclosed for return.
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He: Ah, I see you're remembered my Shavex.

She: Of course, you silly darling, it's the first thing I thought of. I know you wouldn't be without it. And look, I'm putting in a tablet of Zee-

Kol Almond Oil Soap. It's so nice and refreshing and so good for the skin.

He: It certainly smells nice. I like a Lavender scent. Thank you, my thoughtful little wife.

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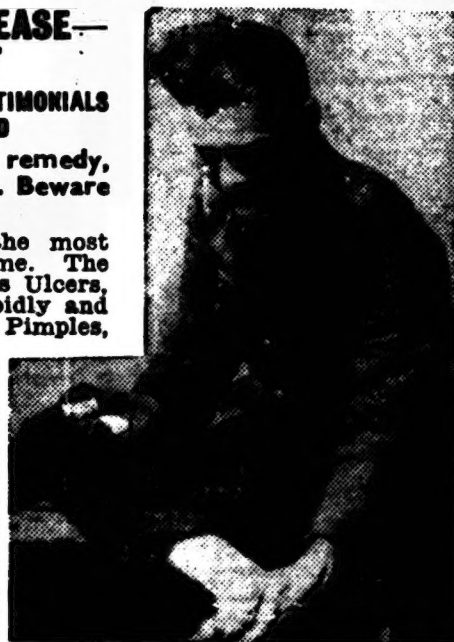
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FOR ALL BRITISH FORCES.

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GUARANTEE
WITH EACH
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ONE OR BOTH

NO. 2
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GUARANTEE
WITH EACH
SET

IMPORTANT

Let us send it for you. If you wish to make a present, why not let us send the Writing Set direct to your friend?—all you need do is to put his name and address on the Gift Coupon below. We will enclose your own Christmas Card if you desire.

BRITISH MADE

A FREE 2/9 GIFT VOUCHER FOR SET No. 1

The Gift Voucher above will be accepted as 2/9 cash in part payment of "John Bull's" 5/6 Writing Set No. 1. The raven-black Pen, handily shaped, with its graceful streamline effect, delights the eye. It has the latest lever self-filling device. The 16-carat SOLID GOLD nib is tipped with iridium. The "Ever-pointed" Fencil, fitted with a pre-set-repel-erect movement, matches the Pen, and is complete with "Safety" pocket-clip and extra leads. The Presentation Case gives the finishing touch.

A FREE 7/6 GIFT VOUCHER FOR SET No. 2

The Gift Voucher above will be accepted as 7/6 cash in part payment of "John Bull's" 12/6 Writing Set De Luxe No. 2. The Pen has two inked bands of 16-carat ROLLED GOLD: a large nib of 16-carat ROLLED GOLD with a tip of costly iridium; the latest lever self-filling device and a "Safety" pocket-clip. The "Ever-pointed" Fencil has an inked band of 16-carat ROLLED GOLD, lock-joint pre-set-repel-erect movement, "Safety" pocket-clip, eraser and extra leads. The Pen and Fencil are exquisitely chased. The Presentation Case is beautifully coloured with a Pearl and Buttery effect.



"John Bull's" Christmas Gift Coupon

To "John Bull" Pen Dept., 134-135, Long Acro, London, W.C.2.

(1) I enclose Gift Voucher value 2/9, which please accept in part payment of the "John Bull" 5/6 Writing Set. I enclose P.O. for 2/9 plus 2d. for postage and insurance, making 3/- in all. (2) I enclose Gift Voucher value 7/6, which please accept in part payment of the "John Bull" 12/6 Writing Set DE LUXE. I enclose P.O. for 7/6 plus 2d. for postage and insurance, making 8/- in all.

(1) Fine, Medium, Broad, Oblique.

Gross out grades of nib NOT required.

(2) Fine, Medium, Broad, Oblique.

If you desire BOTH SETS send the two Vouchers and a Postal Order for 8/- only.

NAME.....

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J.B. 16/12/39

Cross Cheque or Postal Order /& Co. / and make payable to "John Bull."



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★ INSIDE THE MINISTRY OF INFORMATION

★ "OUR GRACIE" GOES TO FRANCE

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★ Get your copy of "Illustrated" at once or you risk disappointment. Make sure of future issues by asking your newsagent to supply "Illustrated" to you every Wednesday.

Gracie says: Give him "socks!"

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Owing to a huge purchase of these
 MACIs before the War, we are able to
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 Post and packing 6d.

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REAL Smooth Linen lambswool
 Gounlets in Khaki and A.P. Blue.
 Ideal for Troops, Airmen, A.T.S., A.P.S.,
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House, 50/52, Ludgate Hill, E.C.4.



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20/- Value for 20/- to "John Bull" readers.

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1 Splendid Cushion or Art. Silk Working Tablecloth, full 6 x 8 ft. size

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This Week 25/- ONLY
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Gives exact light
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200,000 Pouch-Lite "Anti-Dazzle" A.R.P. torch batteries. Fits popular No. 8 size case, rounded, which is in use in 95 out of every 100 torch cases. The "Anti-Dazzle" battery that will get you home safe, set, rescued and does not require any servicing. Price 2/8 for 12, post 2d., 25 for 5/6, post free, 50 for 10/6, post free. Send to-day while stocks last. Bulbs at 21d. 3-colour automatic A.R.P. torch 2/6, Post 2d.

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5 BLANKETS FOR 20/-

AMAZING OFFER!

Heavy Woolly Blankets, White, Pink, or Air Force Blue (with alternative colour). Blue borders. Warm and Enduring. ALL BEST-
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To advertise our Catalogue every customer will receive a number of goods **ENTIRELY FREE**, which they may select from our Catalogue of bedding, ladies' and men's clothing, fancy goods, watches, clocks, etc.

DON'T MISS THIS GIANT OPPORTUNITY

5 Blankets and 10/- Bonus for 20/- only, or 2 Blankets and 5/- Bonus for 15/- only. **SEND NOW!** Money refunded if not satisfied.

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JOHN BULL

Thursday, for week
ending Saturday,
Dec. 16, 1939.
93, Long Acre,
W.C.2. Telephone:
Temple Bar 2468

"Come the three corners of the
world in arms,
And we shall shock them; naught
shall make us rue,
If England to itself do rest but true"

JOHN BULL is able to reveal the secret clauses of the Nazi-Soviet pact that enabled Stalin to strike against Finland. They explain big events still to come.

Hitler agreed to Stalin conquering not only Finland, but also Sweden, because those countries had great resources of timber, pulp, iron ore and other war essentials.

Dangerous Need

ALTHOUGH Russia was pledged to assist Germany with raw materials, both men knew that little could really be exported from Russia.

Therefore, it was arranged that Finland and Sweden should make up Germany's perilous deficiencies.

"Pet Country"

THROUGH von Ribbentrop, Hitler at first strenuously objected to this clause, despite his need for timber and minerals. Finland had always been regarded as Germany's "pet country."

Stalin retorted that the Nazis had advised Finland to fortify the Aaland Islands and urged Estonia to fortify the islands of Dagoe and Oesel. This would have bottled up the Gulf of Finland against Russia.

Nazis had also devised Finnish defences that threatened Leningrad and the great industrial works near by, said Stalin.

The Ultimatum

"PROVE YOUR NEW FRIENDSHIP FOR ME BY GIVING UP YOUR BALTIC AMBITIONS," WAS HIS ULTIMATUM. HITLER YIELDED.

Their Arctic Line

NEXT, a line between German and Russian interests, stretching from the Arctic to beyond the Black Sea, was settled.

Lithuania, Latvia, Estonia and the eastern provinces of Poland are on the Russian side.

So is the former Russian province of Bessarabia, now one of the richest parts of Rumania. So is the Danube delta.

Near East Settled

BALKANS are left to Hitler, but there are to be joint Nazi-and-Soviet moves designed to "neutralise" Turkey.

The two countries are to establish a common ascendancy over Iran (Persia).

Other Near East problems are to be decided by conference later.

New Bolshevism

HITLER has also agreed that his National Socialism shall be converted into National Bolshevism, which we predicted months ago. German heavy industry is to be taken over, "reactionary elements" herded into concentration camps.

No Co-operation

WELL, that's the scheme. It does not provide for military co-operation.

The dictators are not allies in the full sense of the word.

And already flaws are apparent.

Turkish Fight

INSTEAD of Turkey being forced into isolation, Nazi newspapers now openly admit that the "warlike Turks" will soon actively enter the war, are already rounding up German citizens.

Don't Want Him

CRAFTY Hitler finds that the Balkans don't want his overlordship. Hungary and Yugoslavia, his main objectives, are among the most anti-Communist countries in Europe. They



SOVIET-NAZI PACT SECRETS

have hastened to resume diplomatic relations with Russia.

Bulgaria has made a trade pact with Russia, arranged for a regular air service to Moscow.

Hungary, Rumania, Yugoslavia, Greece and Bulgaria are no longer dependent for trade upon the Nazis.

Still Powerful

HITLER is finding much opposition to his plan for bolshevising Germany.

The industrial leaders are still powerful, even though Thyssen and Hugenberg have fled to Switzerland, and they have the support of army leaders.

Goering is furious, still sulking.

Hitler intends to go ahead, though his Bolshevism will not be the sort that will profit the ordinary German people.

Danger Spots

CHIEF danger spots in the immediate future are Sweden and Rumania, because of Soviet aims; Holland and Hungary, because of Nazi aims. Read A. G. Gardiner's views on page 9.

Our Good News

NOW turn homewards. Good news for Britain in the latest unemployment figures, showing a drop of 28,050. Next figures, to be published in January, show much bigger fall.

Inexplicable in war time that agriculture, tailoring and building all show more unemployed. "Co-ordination of the national effort" obviously is still far from complete.

Army's Air Force

SAME remark applies to a big move now being made by the Army to get its own air force.

While praising the R.A.F., the War Office insists that aircraft on short-bombing duties and military reconnaissance should be under military control.

Many distinguished pilots of the last war agree. Other authorities and the Air Ministry argue that this would interfere with carefully devised programmes, lead to a weakening of our air power.

JOHN BULL shares this view, believes that the campaign to split the R.A.F. is largely inspired by the jealousy of a High Personage.

The Military Mind

UNFORTUNATE example of the military mind is the commanding officer demanding that a girl must be "approved" by him before she can marry one of his men. She must produce two testimonials as to her character.

This Army interference in personal affairs is technically legal, but is usually dropped in war time. War Office is by no means pleased that one officer has caused it to be criticised in Parliament and newspapers.

Medical Board-om

ALSO deserving War Office attention is an M.P.'s suggestion that appeals should be allowed against an Army medical board's findings.

On being called up, a man is examined by a board consisting of three to five doctors. They pass him into one of four grades.

Grade I includes fit men and those with minor disabilities that can be remedied. Grade II is for men with fair hearing and vision, whose disabilities allow of considerable physical exertion not involving severe strain.

He Can't Appeal

GRADE III is for men with marked disabilities or evidence of past disease. Grade IV is reserved for sufferers from progressive organic disease.

Each man must be told of the board's decision, or the board may order him to be examined by a consultant examiner.

The man himself may not appeal for specialist examination.

Bigger Pensions

BIGGER old age pensions are still under official discussion. "No one will be more grieved than I if we do not in the end produce helpful proposals," says Sir John Simon of his meetings with the T.U.C. and employers.

One snag, as many of our readers point out, is that some pensioners do not need increase and have as much as a thousand pounds in the bank.

Neither Labour nor Government supporters would tolerate any Means Test worked by public assistance committees.

(Continued overleaf.)

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A £200 POLICY

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FOR EVERY "JOHN BULL" READER

Such protection could not in the ordinary way be obtained except at a costly premium—"JOHN BULL" OFFERS IT TO YOU FREE. See page 3

Plans for Compensating Part-Time A.R.P. Volunteers now Complete

BUT for the war, old age pensions would already have been raised from 10s. to 15s. Even in pre-war days 250,000 pensioners had to apply for relief which costs Bolton £217 a week, and accounts for 76 per cent. of the outdoor relief granted by Cumberland.

Treasury chief Capt. Crookshank (his middle name is Comfort) says an extra 7½d. a month would compensate pensioners for the dearer cost of living.

Much bigger increase will have to be given to satisfy M.P.s and the public.

Probably it will be made possible for a wife younger than her husband to get the pension when he becomes 65.

Widows and ex-Servicemen pensioners shouldn't be left out!

"Time Off" Compensation

PLANs are already complete for paying compensation to A.R.P. volunteers who have to get "time off" from work.

They will ensure that employers do not have to pay wages for time lost, and that no man suffers for doing his bit.

This Must Be Watched

TWO points must be watched. Claims must not be higher than the actual wage the volunteer would have earned. Otherwise the employer, by deducting the sum from the employee's wages, will make a profit from the nation's pocket.

Compensation must not be paid for loss of time occurring in a firm's slack period, when normally men would be "stood off."

Electricity Trouble

MORE obvious are ill-effects of dearer electricity. Some shopkeepers are closing down because they cannot shoulder the new burdens, private householders are agitating for official intervention.

A reader complains that the new rate levied on him by Central London Electricity, Ltd., means a 57 per cent. rise. We've checked his figures.

Yet this company has paid average dividends of 9 per cent. in recent years with bonus representing 125 per cent. of its capital!

Two Philanthropists

MORE profitable reading for us all is provided by two philanthropists, Lord Nuffield, motor magnate, and Bernhard Baron Trust Fund, the tobacco firm's charity.

The first gives about £1,250,000 to a provincial hospital fund, the second distributes £43,000 among hospitals and other charities.

Lord Nuffield has so far given away more than £16,000,000, the Baron Trust more than £471,000. Good to know that war economies do not dry up the sources of private benefactions!

Economy Absurdity

ECONOMY is running riot in a few official quarters. Gloucester Town Corporation is said to have ordained that no more books are to be bought for the public libraries during the war.

Keep 'em dull, keep 'em ignorant, and use the war as an excuse for stopping everything that makes life worth while!

Catching the Nazis

SUPPRESSION we can all welcome is being enforced by bigger powers than the puny brains of Gloucester.

Canada, which has 125,000 Nazis, has arrested all key men and impounded every important Nazi document.

Plans to seize ports, railways and broadcasting stations in South Africa, Kenya, Tanganyika and Rhodesia have



"Hi! Who's PLAYING THIS GAME?"

been captured. Seven thousand Nazis have been rounded up in South-West Africa.

Behind the Wire

OF the 1,500 Nazi agents in India, 850 are now behind barbed wire, the rest living under police supervision.

Australia has rounded up the 5,000 Nazis among its 16,000 German population, their sabotage plans foiled.

Palestine, Eire and the Colonies have, it is reported to Whitehall, interned or deported all Nazi agents.

He's So Gloomy

MAYBE that's one of the reasons why Hitler is said to be weary of the war and plunged into one of his notorious "down" moods.

Depth charges that are blowing up his U-boats can hardly be raising his spirits.

Under Consideration

SINCE we drew attention to lack of special arrangements for diabetes sufferers in the rationing scheme, White-

hall has been "considering" the subject without reaching any decision.

Likely that official rationing will start before the Ministry of Food sluggards make up their minds.

Can it be that those minds are too footling to cope with such a simple problem?

Bureaucrat Hordes

HUNDREDS of chartered accountants have been engaged by the Government. For once there can be no criticism about "hordes of bureaucrats."

For these men are working overtime checking costs on the £6,000,000 arms contracts placed each week, making sure the taxpayer is not exploited.

They will save their salaries thousands of times over.

Extra Help Needed

ORDINARY Government accountants could do with extra help.

Fish merchants haven't yet been paid their dues under the old control scheme which had to be abandoned many weeks ago.

CANDID CARTOON BY KEM

A few wholesalers have managed to obtain about a tenth of the sums owing to them!

Running Wild

MORE and more schools are reopening in evacuation areas. Authorities hesitate to open too many, fearful of encouraging parents in bringing back youngsters to vulnerable towns.

Yet children already returning are running wild, getting into trouble. Difficult problem.

Shelterless Schools

SOME reopened schools should have been left closed until air raid shelters were provided.

One shelterless school in Essex is only a few hundred yards from a searchlight depot. Another is near one of the biggest fighter aerodromes in the country.

A third is within a mile of powerful anti-aircraft guns.

Near-by houses have Anderson shelters. Schools haven't even a trench.

Crazy

AS absurd is the fact that miners are working only four days a week in South Derbyshire coalfield, though increased output is a national necessity.

The men are now meeting the owners to discuss short time, for which the owners are not to blame.

Two pits which exceeded their output were threatened with heavy fine or reduction in next month's quota!

Dig for Trade

OBVIOUSLY we should work mines at full capacity—to lessen unemployment, remove the need for domestic rationing, swell our export trade.

Can it be that the Ministry of Mines hasn't heard there's a war on?

Caught Out

CONGRATULATIONS to 328 sharp-eyed readers who have protested against a letter on our "Voice of the People" page, stating that men of 38 and 40 missed service in the last war.

An editorial footnote did not plainly contradict this obvious error.

We can't plead a printer's slip. We must blame a slippery pen. So our thanks to hawk-eyed readers, and regrets to men in the late thirties who may feel offended by a slight that was never meant.

Add Pence or Pounds

IF you can, help to fill the stocking of Herbert Morrison's fund to provide evacuated children with Christmas parties.

London's citizens, who won't begrudge the £5,000 that the L.C.C. has given as a send-off to the fund, should help to swell it.

John Bull's Gift

BECAUSE of emergency restrictions and the difficulty of obtaining metal, it will not be possible for us to fulfil our obligations to readers qualifying for JOHN BULL's gift percolator.

Full particulars of an alternative gift of Oven Glassware will be submitted to readers qualifying for the gift as soon as they communicate with us.

A. G. GARDINER

wisest of commentators on world affairs, explaining the tangled European situation

The

WITH the brutal Finland, Stalin thrown off the Imperialist Tsarist Russia, and is out domination.

His programme is plain hand roughly east of the exacted from Ribbentrop against a war on two fronts on the deal.

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Russian troops march in the Red Square, Moscow. Now they march in Finland...

The RED SHADOW

WITH the brutal attack on Finland, Stalin has thrown off the mask. He has taken up the Imperialist rôle of Tsarist Russia, and is out, like Hitler, for world domination.

His programme is plain. Having got a free hand roughly east of the Vistula as the price exacted from Ribbentrop for securing Germany against a war on two fronts, he is busy cashing in on the deal.

In Mr. Churchill's phrase, the Russian bear looks down on Germany with one paw on the Baltic and the other paw on the Balkans.

It is the Baltic paw that Stalin has put into action first, and until his attack on Finland his success had been such as to whet his appetite for conquest.

He had made himself master of the eastern Baltic, and with Finland under his heel he would dominate the Gulf of Bothnia and be in a position to control the export of the Swedish iron ore.

With his right paw flung round the northern shores of the Baltic, he could then bring his left paw into action in the Balkans, and realise the dream of the Tsars, of seizing Constantinople and the Dardanelles, and so dominating, not only the Balkans, but the eastern Mediterranean.

THAT is the programme. In the heroic struggle which the Finns are waging against the Butcher of Moscow they are fighting single-handed, not only for their own freedom, but for the freedom of the whole of south-eastern Europe.

In that struggle they have the sympathy of the entire civilised world, which looks on with horror at as foul and cowardly a blow as any which Hitler has struck against the liberties of small nations.

And the irony of the thing is that no country has so much reason for alarm at Stalin's programme as the country which set that programme in motion.

RIBBENTROP WILL GO DOWN TO HISTORY AS THE AUTHOR OF THE GREATEST HOWLER OF ALL TIME.

He believed that if he bought off Stalin, and so secured Germany's rear, there would be no war. England and France, faced with a war with the Axis, and with a friendly Russia behind the Axis, would curl up, make terms with a victorious Hitler, and leave him to deal with Stalin at his leisure.

IT was Hitler's gospel of the limited objective. One enemy at a time. Offer any price to isolate him.

When the trick has worked the gangster would know how to deal with his rival gangster.

In this belief Ribbentrop conceded everything that Stalin demanded. Half Poland was to be Stalin's share of the loot.

Hitler's designs on the Ukraine were to be abandoned. The Baltic States were to be surrendered and the large German population in them evacuated.

And Finland, which Germany had helped to win its freedom from Russia, was to be handed back to an infinitely viler tyranny than that from which it had escaped.

Perhaps there was another item in the compact of the gangsters. Perhaps Stalin's free hand in Finland was balanced with a free hand for Hitler in Sweden. Time will show.

But Hitler was hoist with his own petard. England and France did not collapse before the Ribbentrop deal.

They stood by their guarantee to Poland, and when that country was invaded, they declared war.

So firm was their engagement that all Hitler's attempts to detach France only strengthened the bond.

What had collapsed was the Axis. It was never a very real thing, and at the news of the deal with Stalin it fell to bits like a rope of sand.

It is significant that the most practical support to gallant Finland in its hour of need has come from Italy in the shape of 50 aeroplanes.

If Stalin should ever strike with his other paw in the Balkans, I venture to predict that Italy will be fighting on the side of Turkey and the Balkan Powers.

In these circumstances it is not surprising that Ribbentrop's flash in the pan has left the German people, in so far as they are permitted to know the facts, full of alarm about Russia.

Stalin has made no military alliance with Hitler, and such economic help as he might be expected to give him is now likely to be absorbed by Stalin's own warlike needs.

What the German people see as the result of the Ribbentrop coup is all loss and no gain.

GERMANY has isolated herself. She has lost the Axis and the sympathy of all the Mediterranean Powers.

She has established Russia athwart her path to the east and made her a formidable rival in the Baltic.

STALIN HAS BECOME HITLER'S OLD MAN OF THE SEA. HE CAN NEITHER SHAKE HIM OFF NOR GET ANY EFFECTIVE HELP FROM HIM.

Every day he is losing prestige both at home and abroad as the result of the morass into which his clever fool, Ribbentrop, has led him.

And meanwhile, facing westward, the sky grows ever darker for him.

All the propaganda of the unspeakable Goebbels is idle against the gathering doom.

The truth will out, even in Germany. Witness the article of Emil Helferrich, the German economist, published in Goering's own periodical. He writes:

"We must face facts. As in 1914-18, England's power has brought the German overseas trade to a standstill.

"German ships are lying in more than 100 harbours all over the globe. These goods and ships are blockaded by the British Navy, and part of them have already been confiscated.

"The Fuehrer himself said 'Germany must export or die.' The whole of the import and export trade, particularly exports, made the greatest efforts to carry out the Fuehrer's wishes, and the result is that in Kiel, Lübeck, Bremen and Hamburg they are all gradually heading for ruin."

How dire must be the situation when such a panic-stricken cry can be permitted to find utterance under Goering's own auspices!

Behind that cry it is not difficult to see the fierce controversies raging in the camp of the enemy as to what is to be done to avert the doom.

The same desperate alarm is apparent in the official organ of the Nazi party, the *Voelkischer Beobachter*, which snatches frantically at the idea of a Russian war with Turkey and a Russian invasion of India through Afghanistan.

HOW far this is a kite flown to scare this country into making peace on Hitler's terms, and how far an "SOS" to Stalin to come to the rescue by extending the theatre of war from Europe to Asia, we can only guess.

But in either case it is evidence of the anxiety to find some way of escape from the trap into which Hitler and Ribbentrop have manoeuvred the German people.

I do not know anything as to the practicability of an invasion of India, but I am sure Stalin is not the man to enter on such a vast adventure for love of Hitler.

AND, MEANWHILE, HE IS LEARNING IN THE SNOWS OF FINLAND LESSONS WHICH WILL NOT ENCOURAGE HIM TO EMBARK ON A MUCH MORE PERILOUS UNDERTAKING SIMPLY TO HELP GERMANY OUT OF THE MIRE.

But there is one lesson for us also in this latest German threat.

It is to go to the extreme limit of internal safety in India in order to preserve the confidence, the good will and the loyalty of the Indian people to the British Commonwealth.

RESOLUTION

By "J. M."

AGGRESSION must be stopped! That's how we all feel now. As the urgent call to battle becomes our steadfast vow. Our hearts beat firm and constant as we face the soul's high test. We must be up and doing, and determined not to rest till the world of brutal deeds and force is freed from Crime's dark course.

Aggression must be stopped! We are tenants of God's earth, and as stewards of the Lord we all must prove our worth. Nations must live as neighbours should, in freedom and in peace. Without the strife and terror which defile Life's little lease. Let each man's home be sacred where he in peace may dwell in decency and beauty and free from a man-made Hell.

Aggression must be stopped! To the world let's make that plain. We'll prove ourselves good neighbours as we rally once again to help all those who need our help whoever they may be. And though it costs us dear (for the cost no man may say).

The shining rent of sacrifice we all will gladly pay.

ARGUE IT OUT!

De Luxe Spells Danger

I DON'T know why a mink coat should be the sign of a woman's social status. But it is so. Some women have mink coats thrust upon them; others achieve them; and the few are born to them.

Mink coats arouse in the women who have not got one a great and abiding envy. For the fur of the mink is soft, rich, luxurious, and it clothes a woman in an armour of magnificence which neither sneer nor jibe can pierce.

Two things can turn the heads of women who otherwise would be content with their lot—furs and jewels. That's why Margaret Macrae, a twenty-four-year-old nurse, is now serving a sentence of ten months' hard labour.

She stole a mink coat which belonged to her employer.

It was pleaded on behalf of Margaret that she had lost her head by coming suddenly into high society. In the decadent softness of luxurious hotels her sense of moral values had withered, and she had called herself "Lady" Margaret.

The law punished her—and rightly so. For she had abused a position of trust. But to few of us falls justly the right to condemn. It is so easy to lose one's head when the currents of life whirl us into strange waters.

Perhaps Margaret is not wholly to blame for her lapse. Perhaps we should apportion some of the blame on to the social system we have evolved.

It is a peculiar system, based on birth and money, on possessions not only material but mental and intellectual.

The various social layers which go to make up the nation are drawn up with a fine regard for money and position. From the poverty-stricken to the poor, from the poor to the lower middle-class (whatever that may mean) there lay social barriers just as sharp and defined as those that exist between the middle-class and the rich and between the rich and the governing class.

Life, after all, is in part a matter of social ambition. Only in the outward signs can we show to the world the progress of our lives. And how many people keep their heads when it comes to social ambition?

It's not so easy to keep your head when your husband has got an extra two hundred a year and you feel for the first time since you married him that you can go ahead and show that Jones woman exactly where she gets off.

AND it's so fatally easy for any man, once taken around by a friend in a superior social position, to give up his old associations, to join a more expensive club, to buy a swankier car, to engage an extra maid, and to find himself in a financial mess at the end of it all.

You, probably as well as I, know the tragic side of easy living. So much has been sacrificed in the pursuit of a luxury which has been earned by neither toll nor endeavour.

Much more will be sacrificed. It is the law of life that the weak must pay for their follies. And, in respect of luxury and soft living, all too often those who pay do so before they realise the myth they are pursuing.

A little luxury, like a little learning, is a dangerous thing, especially if it comes out of the blue.

Deep draughts of luxury can cure most people of the desire for it; can awaken boredom and leave a vague sense of discontent. But before that boredom is aroused those who can't keep their heads may come a cropper.

Kipling's "If" drew a picture of well-nigh impossible perfection. To parody his verse one might write:—

If you can keep your head when, all about you,
The world is spinning in a social whirl;
If neither rich nor very poor can doubt you,
There's more than Hope in life for you, my girl.

WINSTON'S WIZARD



Meet Professor Lindemann, the scientist whose midnight oil is helping us to win the war

Marrakesh, I found him vehement and excited.

Lindemann's plan was to make Britain safe from air attack by a new device of his—the total cost, if I remember, was to be no more than £1,000,000—and then, having rendered this country impregnable, to give the scheme to other countries, thus abolishing aerial warfare as we now know it.

But I suppose there was no money in it. It was too cheap. So it got turned down.

For a time, he planned going into Parliament—to put his ideas before the House. That came to nothing.

Well, soon after Winston's appointment as First Lord, he sent for Lindemann, a man of Alsatian descent, who had been awarded the D.S.O. and the Legion of Honour, and had made himself one of this country's leading authorities on aerodynamics.

During the Great War, he joined the Royal Flying Corps in

studies—in South Africa; in India, where forestry engaged his mind; and in motoring tours of Europe in a small car.

Winston loved to travel with him on the European journeys.

It was Lindemann who acted as interpreter when Konrad Henlein, Nazi leader in the Sudetenland, went to lunch at Winston's flat.

Winnie was very anti-Nazi then, as now. But when an English friend persuaded him to see Henlein, he agreed so that he could speak firmly to him.

But the meal went off amicably, chiefly because they both felt such a contempt for Henlein's mind that they found it difficult to be anything but just polite to him.

Another means of contact between Winston and Lindemann is that they both play Monopoly and Lexicon.

ALTHOUGH Winston fancies himself at such games, Lindemann usually trounces him. They say that in Lexicon he can even build a word from W X Y and Z!

As long ago as August, 1934, Lindemann declared that bombing aeroplanes "in the hands of gangster governments" might jeopardise the whole future of our Western civilisation.

In the following May he told an audience that it was wrong to take for granted that it was impossible to find a defence against the bombing aeroplane.

"In the whole of recorded history," he said, "no weapon has ever been discovered to which a counter has not been found. Fifty, or even a hundred, of the best technical officials in Government research institutions should be working on the solution."

"Yet, for some obscure reason, a hopeless apathy seems to affect the departments."

About the same time, he uttered another warning about the aeroplane danger, and said:

"Our salvation lies in another scientific invention which will prevent aircraft from crossing our frontiers."

"Such a discovery would be far more effective than any agreement, peace-pact or alliance."

THAT, no doubt, was the invention he talked of to me.

A few months after his return from Morocco, Lindemann was warning us that the advantages of our geographical position, formerly the best in Europe, had disappeared.

But, while Baldwin was saying "There is no defence from the air," Lindemann was finding one.

With Lindemann in a place where Winston, most receptive of all our Ministers, will listen, I feel much more confident about the future than I should if he were still going round buttonholing, urging. . . .

NOWADAYS, Professor F. A. Lindemann not only has his friend Winston to listen to him. He has him as a master.

In Admiralty House, where Winston reigns, he is installed with a laboratory in which he can work out schemes of scientific defence, perfect his inventions—and, for once, get some of them past Authority.

Lindemann modestly denies that he was called in to solve the magnetic mine menace, saying the Admiralty already had its experts.

Whether exaggerated or not, the statement at least called the public's attention to one of the most unobtrusive experts of my acquaintance.

It was in Marrakesh, in January, 1938, that I met Professor Lindemann, director of the Clarendon Laboratory, Oxford. He was staying with Winston Churchill, with whom he often spent holiday periods.

Now, Winston's faults do not include a refusal to listen to new ideas. He loves them. That, no doubt, is the link between the politician and the professor.

When Lindemann and I returned from Tangier on the same Dutch liner, I found him despondent because no statesman in authority would listen to his plan for destroying the menace of the air.

GENERALLY speaking, the heads of the Fighting Services think more of destruction than of finding antidotes. And they influence the Ministers who are their chiefs.

How much of his plan Winston had accepted I do not know. But, then, Winston was an outlaw, a very wicked man who had dared to say that Germany was re-arming—a subject on which, in

By HANNEN
SWAFFER

the ordinary way. In those days the German Air Force was miles in front of our own, but soon, largely because of the research work he did at Farnborough, we were making up the leeway.

When peace came, and "the war to end wars" was over, we were thinking in terms of peace.

Lindemann's mind, however, still studied air warfare. He could not see an end to it. Its problems worried him night and day.

So it was that, when Winston announced that Germany was re-arming—and few would listen to him!—Lindemann found his way to Marrakesh.

What he heard Winston say made him redouble his efforts.

So, in the Clarendon Laboratory, he worked so far into the night that, often, the night patrol policeman in Keble Road would see him leaving the building at two, three or four o'clock in the morning, pausing as if reluctant to go, exchanging a few words of greeting, and then going on to his bachelor apartments.

Even his holidays were spent in

- **Meet the Skinflint Council**
- **He Deserves to be in a Cell**
- **Make the Pips Squeak, Sir John**

OPEN LETTERS



Lord PERRY

MY LORD.—The Ministry of Food seems intent on creating as many well-paid jobs as ration books.

Between 109 and 150 of its officials are getting more than £1,000 a year.

The deputy secretary gets £2,500. The chief officer for Scotland rubs along on £2,200.

Already 10,898 officials have been appointed, another 450 are moving in.

Because too many cooks spoil the broth, it's hardly surprising that the Ministry's record is a hotchpotch of muddle.

The Ministry crippled the fish trade. It dithered over rationing. Adjusting the rationing date for January 2, it actually began rationing butter last week.

It closed slaughter-houses, then opened them. Now it wants to reduce them to a quarter of the number that the butchers say is essential.

Maybe, you will clear up the confusion. With your great business experience you are well qualified to act as business adviser to the Ministry. I wish you luck.

We shall all be grateful if you manage only to persuade officialdom that it isn't only the housewife who must economise in war time!—JOHN BULL.

WILTS. COUNTY COUNCIL

GENTLEMEN.—The shades of Scrooge and Christmas presents will surely not disturb your festivities.

Finding an old man in a workhouse who can shave his fellow-inmates, you are paying him half-a-crown for thirty-six hours' work.

Wiltshire must be a rich county.—JOHN BULL.

Mr. WILLIAM DOBBIE, M.P.

Railwaymen's Leader

DEAR MR. DOBBIE.—You shocked Parliament by using the swear word made famous in Shaw's "Pygmalion." But your rage was justified.

Infamous that women with eight or nine children cannot get a penny from the War Office, even though their husbands have been in the Army for months! Shameful that they are having to go to pawnshops and the Public Assistance Committee.

Mr. Hore-Belisha adds to his many good deeds by granting an extra 6d. a day rent money to soldiers' wives in London. Pity he doesn't kick his subordinates, who prevent so many wives from paying their rents or stocking their larders.—JOHN BULL.

Mr. GEOFFREY LLOYD, M.P.

Minister of Mines

DEAR SIR.—A firm of shipwrights, depending on petrol for power and lighting, has been granted an Admiralty certificate for its normal allowance of twenty-one gallons a week.

But your divisional petrol officer has cut the amount to two gallons. The yard has had to stop work

on small naval craft, and will have to close down entirely unless the officer is made to see sense.

Yet I still hear of W.R.N.S. officers and A.R.P. officials using cars for shopping or joy-rides, apparently able to get all the petrol they need.

For sanity's sake, kick your officials!—JOHN BULL.

ALBERT JAMES TYMM,

Camo Hotel Keeper

SIR.—Had I been the magistrate before whom you appeared, you would now be cooling your vicious rage in jail.

I am amazed you were only fined for picking up and beating a dog to death against a wall in the presence of children. I am sorry you are not debarred from keeping dogs in future.

Such men as you, imitating the horrors we are fighting to banish, disgrace us all.—JOHN BULL.

Rt. Hon. Sir JOHN ANDERSON, M.P.

Minister for Home Security

DEAR SIR.—Cyclists are being fined by the scope for riding without rear lights. They have to break the law and risk accidents because it's impossible to buy batteries in many districts.

Useless to say they should give up cycling, for many of them have no other means of getting to work. Can you not persuade battery manufacturers to satisfy the public's needs?—JOHN BULL.

SIR JOHN SIMON: You can still soak the rich without making the pips squeak. Nineteen yearlings fetched 36,710 guineas at Newmarket bloodstock sales last week!—JOHN BULL.

Sir ARTHUR ROBINSON,

Secretary, Ministry of Supply

DEAR SIR ARTHUR.—I thought the purpose of the A.T.S. was to replace men called up for active service, yet I hear complaints that men at a great ordnance depot are being dismissed and their places filled by A.T.S. girls, of whom there are already 1,100 at the depot.

It can hardly be in the cause of economy, for the temporary Grade IV clerks earn only £2 16s. a week and would welcome overtime to meet the dearer cost of living.

So why?—JOHN BULL.

General Sir R. GORDON-FINLAYSON,

Adjutant-General to the Forces

DEAR GENERAL.—Is there a Mad Hatter in your Department? A reader who tried to join the Territorials last April had his name put on the waiting list for a certain unit.

He was asked whether he was still available in

October. He had to explain that, through his colleagues being called up, his employer could not release him.

He was rebuked.

Now comes another letter, telling him that the waiting list has been scrapped and suggesting that he should apply to another unit.

Trust the War Office to have the last word.—JOHN BULL.

Sir SYLVANUS VIVIAN,

Registrar-General

DEAR SIR.—A reader, married recently in a register office, says that after the ceremony the registrar asked the bride to leave the office.

He then asked the groom for 10s. or £1 as "a little present for our services."

No doubt you will investigate the truth of this allegation.

I will supply details.—JOHN BULL.

Mr. H. G. JUDD,

Waste Controller

DEAR SIR.—Most of your official work should be the stopping of official waste.

An old-age pensioner reader has received a parcel containing more than seventy copies of the "Grow More Food" leaflet.

If everyone is to get such a generous supply, Canada had better begin growing more forests to provide paper.—JOHN BULL.

The COUNCILLORS,

East Sussex

SKINFLINTS.—Some of your road workers have to cycle ten or twelve miles before starting work at 7 a.m. For distances more than five miles they get an extra 10d. a day, bringing their wages for a week's heavy toll to 45s.

Do you know how they can keep a wife and large family on such a sum in these hard times?

I wager you don't.—JOHN BULL.

"Greatest of These . . ."

EX - GRENADEER

Guardsman F. Craven is still suffering from the wounds he received in the last war. The appalling list of his injuries includes four gunshot wounds in the left arm, three wounds in the left leg, one in the groin, two shrapnel wounds (one piece of which is still in his body), and loss of his right leg.

Instead of reward, he seems only to have merited further hardship.

His disability pension is inadequate in the face of the rising cost of living. He and his wife would find life difficult even without having to pay 12s. 6d. a week rent.

And for ten years now Mr. Craven has been without work.

If this physical torture were not enough, he had to suffer the loss of one of his two children only twelve months ago.

Surely he needs some encouragement. Please send a donation earmarked "Ten Wounds" or to JOHN BULL War Sufferers' Fund, Long Acre, London, W.O.2.

Lists of subscriptions are kept at this office, and a copy of the current week's will be sent on application.

Acknowledgments are sent where names and addresses are given. All administration expenses are borne by JOHN BULL. We gratefully acknowledge 10s. from "Dissie" and 10s. from L.M.A.



He is still suffering for his bravery

GRIN and BEAR IT!

By OLIVER PLUSH

GRACIE FIELDS has cabled from Capri to her manager in London to arrange for her to entertain "the lads at the Front" from Christmas to New Year. When she has duly responded to demands for "That Must Have Been Our Walter," how about B.E.F. vocalists obliging with a chorus of their own? Something like this:—

Who was it who must have been a rebel from her birth?

That must have been our Gracie!

Who was it whose heart was twice the size of Goering's girth?

That must have been our Gracie!

Who was it when they told her in the sun to lie and bask,

Replied, "A Merry Christmas for the lads will be my task!"

And cocked a snoot at doctors and at nurses? Need you ask?

That must have been our Gracie!

Only a Rumour

It is announced by the official German News Agency that several people have been arrested in Berlin for spreading rumours on orders received from the British Intelligence Service.

One cunning trick played by the dirty dogs of the B.I.S., which brought about a serious stampede, was to start a rumour that there was a restaurant on the left bank of the Spree where a square meal was obtainable.

You Can Never Tell

It wasn't until Bernard Shaw obliged with his views that I got the hang of the situation. Then everything became clear.

"It is not a question of Russia, a Great Power, attempting to subjugate Finland, which is a small Power," he explained with sweet reasonableness. "It was very foolish of Finland not to accept Russia's offer for an exchange of territories. It was a refusal to act in a neighbourly manner."

So if I put it up to G. B. Pshaw that he should present me with a few acres of his Weiwyn estate in exchange for two poems and a plate of spinach, and he refuses to do a deal, he mustn't think me unduly aggressive if I proceed to hurl road metal through his windows.

He will, I hope, recognise that it serves him Pygmalion well right for not acting in a neighbourly manner.

War and the Typist

(According to Dr. H. Crichton-Müller, the nerves of tired typists



By Bruce
Bairnsfather

"—these—iron
leaflets"

th' poor blinkin' Jerries."

"I don't see why."

"Nah then, don't be 'ard! There they are splashin' abaht in th' Slegfried Line, an' 'opin' for a spot of Christmas cheer, an' look wot's comin' to 'em!"

"Why, what is?"

"Twenty thousand pitchers of their perishin' Foohrer. It's lil Goeb-bels' hideer of be'avin' like Santa Claus!"

"Well, that's one form of frightfulness they can't inflict on neutrals."

"That's right. Wonder 'ow th' B.E.F. would like it if th' Ministry of Inflammation sent over twenty thousand pitchers of 'Ore Bellsha to put in their Christmas stockin's?"

"Don't fancy there'd be a rush to nail them up in the billets along-side 'April Morn.'"

"Yet lil ole 'Ore Bellsha's pan looks more like a merry Christmas an' an 'appy New Year than wot 'Ttler's does."

"I'm with you there! I see a Hollywood make-up expert reckons that he could improve the faces of all the Dictators."

"I believe 'im!" He says that Hitler should wear a bigger moustache."

"Praps 'e's right; but wiv a conk like 'Ttler's, 'arf a mo is better'n no camouflage at all!"



"A return ticket for Somewhere in France, please. I want to visit my son."
"Marianne," Paris.

are likely to be more seriously strained by the war than those of the trained soldier.)

Gallant Gertie serves her country down at Somewhere-by-the-Sea, In a hydro requisitioned by a mushroom Ministry. Where she's busy typing letters For her bureaucratic betters, And cramming things in pigeon-holes and brewing pots of tea!

But in war time on the Home Front she of worries has a crop, For it badly tries her temper when a "pipsqueak" goes off pop, Or some "big gun" growls and rumbles, While where'er she goes she stumbles

Into "dug-outs" — little wonder Gertie's nerves are on the hop!

Smith placed a bath sponge on the carpet with the air of a man who knew what was what and didn't mind telling you.

"That's Rumania," he pointed out. He placed another sponge near the piano.

"And Holland!" Over near the fireplace he placed two sponges.

"The Alps!" he explained. He parked an extra-large sponge in the bay window.

"The British Isles!" he announced. After which he shoved the piano stool into the middle of the floor.

"And that's Germany," he said. "I will now demonstrate to you how it is absolutely impossible for Germany to win."

"I see what you mean," cooed his wife, before he could do it. "Shortage of sponges!"

Weather Wise

They've banned those weather prophets who,

When Christmas was in sight, Would very kindly let us know If we were due for hail or snow— And now and then were right!

Forecasting Yuletide weather now Apparently would be A most unpatriotic act, And in some unknown way, in fact, Would aid the enemy!

But yet, despite officialdom, The truth somehow will out. Since they can't censor dear Aunt Jane's Infallible rheumatic pains, Or Uncle Charley's gout!

Sex 'Enry

"There 're times," observed 'Enry, "when I can't 'elp feelin' sorry for

ALL QUIET...



"Hark! I wasn't that a rifle-shot?"

"Only the one they fire to tell the outposts to come in for lunch."

"H 420," haly.



He'll guard the Thames' mouth

Behind the News...

MUNITION production has been doubled in six months, will be doubled again in next six months, quadrupled in a year.

Closer air watch over Thames estuary will be kept through appointment of superbly named Admiral Sir Reginald Plunkett-Erle-Drax as C-in-C. the Nore, the only admiral to hold a pilot's licence.

More big orders for sandbags are to be placed with Indian jute mills. More than 712,000,000 were bought in September and October.

Lady Ross insists on accompanying her husband, Sir Denison Ross, who speaks thirty languages, on his new secret official mission to a certain far-away country.

Income tax collectors have been told to be more obliging, not to distrain unless absolutely necessary, and to accept instalments.

Religious organisations plan big campaign against Mr. Horne-Bellisha. They object to Army allowances for "unmarried wives."

Further suspicion concerning Goering and the Munich bomb plot is created because scrapings from bomb fragments reveal that the explosive was "No. 17," a new mixture still kept secret and not yet used in arms manufacture.

Only people aware of this secret substance were the inventor, who killed himself in a concentration camp recently, and certain generals known to be in sympathy with Goering.

Goering supported protest by officers' corps against Nazi Government's attitude towards Russian invasion of Finland.

Gold shortage has led Nazis to ask Catholic bishops to hand over gold ornaments, altar crosses and other treasures. What will be their fate if they refuse to make this "gift"?

Germany offers to buy control of the Orthodox Church as part of a move to dominate South-Eastern Europe.

Whitehall has received information that the Nazis have saved 1,500,000 tons of petrol a year during the last four years. Goering will probably produce or import another 7,000,000 tons this year.

Germany's war needs are 12,000,000 tons. A year of war will therefore exhaust the reserve, and leave her perilously short of essential fuel. Efforts to devise "petrol substitutes" have failed.

War Measures and You!

By a Barrister M.P.

A NEW method of dealing with claims of dependants of men in the Forces has been instituted. Allowances fall into two categories:

Family—for wives and children;

Dependant—for parent, grandparent, or sister.

In neither case is allowance paid unless the man makes an allotment of at least 7s. a week from his pay. Family Allowances are not subject to any means test. They are paid in addition to a man's allotment, while Dependant's Allowances include the amount allotted and are based on actual household needs.

In future a married man will hand in his claim for Family Allowances at his medical examination. Avoiding delay, this will enable a book of weekly drafts to be sent for his wife's use as soon as he joins his unit.

Allowances for wives, including the "unmarried" wife who lived with the soldier for at least six months before he joined the Colours, range, according to rank, from 17s. to 23s. 6d. a week. Children's allowances are 5s. for the first,

4s. for the second, and 3s. for the third and each subsequent child. Payments are now made for children of more than fourteen, if they are still at school.

Men claiming a Dependant's Allowance are now to receive a form to fill in when they go for medical examination, but they will not hand it in until they join their units. The dependant must also lodge claim on a form to be had at any post office.

Only issued for one dependant, an allowance will not be given if:

the father is alive, under sixty-five, and able to (not in) work, and the total weekly income of household, after payment of rent, rates and insurances, amounts to an average of 15s. or more a head, children under fourteen counting as half-person.

Widowed mother with two sons in the Forces, both making allotments, may receive only one Dependant's Allowance. If previously maintained by the soldier, sailor or airman, and now living alone, or as a member of household without other income, she can be given a special allowance of 20s. 6d. a week.

HEREAFTER...

THE waste of war is a terrible thing; but most people would agree that the waste of life is the worst of all. Waste of young life especially.

It is a ghastly thought for everyone, but still more terrible for those who think death is the end of life.

I hope you don't think that; but you may not feel at all certain, so I will tell you what I think Christianity teaches.

The life, death and resurrection of Christ has no meaning without belief in a future life.

God is love; He calls us His children and loves us, and it is inconceivable that death should bring all His loved ones to an end of everything.

Then think of His sayings: "I go to prepare a place for you" to the disciples; "To-day shalt thou be with Me in paradise" to the thief on the cross.

"Thou . . . with me"—two personalities together in a new life the very same day. This is important because it means we start the new life straightaway.

IT knocks out that old idea which you find in some hymns that we go to sleep and wait for ages for a resurrection day.

It helps us to see that death is the gateway to new life. Our bodies may lie in a grave or be cremated; but we, our personalities, still live on. Death comes to the body, but not to us; as Jesus said to Mary, "He that believeth in Me shall never die."

I hope to be cremated because I don't want my friends and relations to think that I am lying in a grave—not that I should really be there; it would be my body only.

But, you ask, what happens?

The answer is given by St. Paul. He says, "There is a natural body and there is a spiritual body." The natural body we know; but the spiritual we cannot describe.

Yet we can imagine something because our Lord appeared with a spiritual body after the Resurrection, and that makes one believe that the spiritual body has the same sort of form by which recognition is possible.

Our Lord talks of the future life as a home, a fellowship, and I can't see how we can think of it like that unless we are able to meet and recognise those we have loved here. If you believe that, the veil between this world and the next is very thin.

My sister died some years ago, and her twin sister had passed on in India about a year before. When I went to see my sister just before she died, I had a great desire to tell her to give my love to her twin, the veil seemed to be so very thin then.

So it is with those I have loved. I don't want to get in touch with them; such communication seems to me incongruous; but I know they are near; I know there is no real separation in the realm of love. I have fellowship with them now.

That is what the great Christian doctrine, "The communion of saints," means.

"Saints" does not mean people who have never done any wrong. It means all those who have tried to live the Christian life, though they may have failed often.

WE have fellowship with them, not because we are "good," but because we know that if we try to live the Christian life—that is, to live with Christ as they are with Christ.

Our Lord suggests in the story of the Talents that the reward for service here would be further service in the life beyond.

Love is service, and I am convinced that there will be further service in the life beyond.

Another reason why I believe we shall be given jobs to do is that there must be growth in the future life. When we pass on we enter the new life just as we leave this in character, and none of us is perfect.

God's purpose for us is that we shall become perfect, so it is clear that there must be growth in our personality. We have to learn.

"Now we know in part," says St. Paul, "but then shall we know even as we are known."

We shall get to know what real Beauty, Goodness and Truth mean, and, above all, what God's love means.

We shall see Him face to face.

The Rev. Pat McCormick,

famed radio pastor, continuing his "John Bull" fireside chats, probes the greatest mystery of mankind



The Cenotaph reminds us of men lost in the last war, yet we feel that they are never very far away

News from the Underworld

"BUSINESS AS USUAL" IN SAND-BAGGED THIEVES' KITCHEN

DESPITE the closest scrutiny at all ports, more than £50,000 worth of stolen diamonds and other jewels have been smuggled out of this country since the beginning of the war.

This is among the astonishing achievements of the members of Britain's underworld, who have turned the black-out to their own advantage.

Detectives are puzzled.

Keener watch is now being kept, and Continental policemen are co-operating with Scotland Yard in a big drive to trap the elusive traffickers in the proceeds of robberies.

War has had a curious effect on the underworld.

In the first few weeks all the crooks seemed to vanish mysteriously. Police in London and all the big towns, busy with urgent defence work, paused occasionally to wonder what had happened to them.

AFTER three months' "black-out" the crime community is bustling with activity again. But there is not a trace of the few share-pushers and City sharps so busy just before the war. They seem to have put up the shutters for "the duration."

After the first shock of war, criminals turned the "black-out" into a new heyday. Police everywhere are finding it harder to trace them because they have moved to fresh haunts. Cellars of old houses, particularly in London, have become up-to-date thieves' kitchens, and safe shelters in case of air raids!

Superintendent Percy Worth has a score of picked "Yard" men to clean up the Metropolis. Provincial police forces also have their best men on the job.

Only the handicap of almost complete darkness is new. The methods of these ordinary crooks have not changed, except that more of them are resorting to pickpocketing and that one gang in London is concentrating on rifling coin boxes in telephone kiosks. More than £400 has been stolen from these boxes in the last month or so.

THE police are far more perturbed by the increase of confidence tricksters and gaming cheats in the West End of London, and the appearance of highly organised gangs of warehouse raiders.

Master minds behind these gangs are believed to be some of the most cunning Continental crooks who slipped into the country when refugees were pouring in before war started.

Recent countrywide comb-outs unearthed many of them, but a number must have eluded detection because their unmistakable expert touch has been identified in the carefully laid plans of confidence men and warehouse raiders.

Although their ruses are much the same, confidence tricksters are working more in hotel lounges to make the acquaintance of their victims.

They are making much more use of women confederates, and are renting luxuriously furnished flats to "land" their catches.

In the hall-fellow-well-met atmosphere of the parties they arrange, the necessary confidence is easily established.

Useful clues fell into the hands of the police when they arrested Ethel Rylands, a pretty adventuress. She was caught escaping after stealing a valuable ring from a jeweller's shop where she had posed as the wife of a wealthy man.

That was her sideline. Her biggest hauls came from men who were fleeced after she had lured them into the clutches of "confidence men" and gaming sharks. Her latest victim parted with £1,500 before he realised she was a crook.

In tracing back her career since she was last in jail, detectives discovered many fresh night dens.

New gaming haunts were also revealed when police were probing the recent murder of Charles Edward ("Chick") Lawrence, sinister character of the underworld, whose body was found propped against a wall in a courtyard near Spitalfields Market.

IT is thought that Lawrence was killed because he had threatened to expose the owners of gambling dens to the police unless they paid him "hush" money.

Some of these places in which there are nightly cabarets as well as the gaming-rooms, are making about £400 a week.

One of the most notorious of them is being run by a man the police have for years suspected as a receiver of stolen goods, but they have never been able to secure sufficient evidence to arrest him.

Warehouse thieves have been extraordinarily successful.

Before the war, they concen-

trated largely on furs. Some of them are still doing so, but the biggest gangs are looting such commodities as tea, sugar, butter and bacon, as well as cotton and silk, which can now be sold at good prices.

Among the suspected fences who might be behind these very active thieves there is a man who has foolishly boasted that he hopes to make a small fortune out of lead piping now being stripped from empty mansions.

Another serious war time problem confronting the police is the return of safe-breakers using gellignite.

EARLY this year Scotland Yard thought it had smashed the only gang using this method. But it began again a few weeks ago. Safes at a Willesden warehouse and garages at Penge and Hackney were blown open.

An immediate conference of detectives, who had rounded up the last gang, was held at the Yard, and rotund, cheery-faced Superintendent Sands, one of the Big Five, has taken charge of a new campaign.



Ethel Rylands' latest victim parted with £1,500 before he realised that she was a crook



Imaginary
Interview
on the
Black-Out Bus

Controls "Out of Control"

FARES, please! ... You're the only one on the top deck to-day, sir, and you're right—it is nippy weather. Cruel nip it's going to be, too, for a lot of folk doing their Christmas shopping next week with nothing much to spend and prices rising all the time.

You don't think prices are rising "unreasonably"? Don't make me laugh, Governor; I've got a split lip! And if you was to tell my old woman that tale she'd fly right off the 'andle and you might 'ave one before she'd done with you.

Oh, beg your pardon, I'm sure.

I didn't know you was from the Ministry of Food. ... And so you're keeping a close watch on everything, are you? 'Ow many of you does it take to do that? Only eleven fahsands wiv a pay-roll of abaht two million a year! Crikey! Sounds like sweated labour to me!

Mr. Morrison—not 'Erbert, but "W. S."—is your boss, ain't 'e? There's several things I'd like to ask 'im, but p'raps you can tell me why 'e's been and took off 'is control of 'ome-killed meat prices wiv Christmas just ahead of us and only abaht 'arf the imported stuff coming in?

The control "may be resumed in January"?

I wouldn't be surprised, 'cos old Morrison's a regular "off again, on again Flinnigan," ain't 'e? Meanwhile, 'owever, if meat prices don't rise over Christmas, you can call me a Dutchman!

"Conditions are constantly changing," eh? ... You're telling me! Morrison's a quick-change artist 'imself.

Look wot a lark 'e 'ad over the butter and bacon rationing!

An' then there was 'is precious fish control. Fahsands and fahsands of pahnds it cost 'im to start that, and it knocked the 'ole fish trade silly.

Some places you couldn't buy no fish not for love nor money; other places was stinking with 'em. ...

"Everybody makes mistakes"? ... Yes, I know, but the Food Ministry 'as made too many. It's got controls for almost everything now—sugar and butter, fr' instance, is both controlled.

And wot 'appens? Why, it's just like the fish scheme again. Lashings of the stuff in some tahns and nothing like enough to go rahnd in others!

There's another thing my Missus tells me about these precious controls. Every time Morrison starts something, up go the prices!

It's a fact, Guv'nor. Sultanias and currants was fourpence 'alfpenny before Morrison started monkeying wiv 'em. Then they went to sixpence. Salmon, margarine, condensed milk, tea—they all went the same way soon as the Ministry boys got busy.

"I can rest assured that the Ministry is doing its utmost to prevent profiteering," can I, Mister?

Well, that's a great comfort, that is. I will say it's good at answering letters, but so it ought to be wiv eleven fahsands pen-pushers to do the job.

Wot sticks a bit in my gizzard, though, is all these local Food Control Committees 'aving the local traders to 'elp 'em decide wot prices are fair and wot prices ain't?

Even when Mr. Morrison starts an enquiry it seems to me that 'arf the time 'e just asks the trade to explain.

And it always can! You're getting off 'ere. ... Right you are, sir, but wait 'til the 'bus stops. And, if you should bump into old Morrison 'imself 'im of these days, you might tell 'im wiv my particular compliments, that 'is job is to control the controllers.

Uvverwise they're going to land us in a proper mess!

Don't be Disappointed

READERS can avoid the disappointment of finding the newsagents "out" of JOHN BULL only by placing regular orders.

They write to tell us that their Thursday evenings have been ruined because there was not a JOHN BULL to be had "for love or money." We can advise them only to order a copy in advance.

Difficulties of distribution beyond our control make it impossible for us to do any more

So no more such miserable nights!

Instead, enjoy your JOHN BULL as usual, with the added feeling of comfort and security that is given by our Free Air Raid Insurance. It is yours for the asking, when you have ordered your JOHN BULL in advance.

Can You Pay the RENT?

MANY thousands of householders are, for the first time in their lives, worried by a problem that even music-hall comedians no longer jest about.

Soldiers' wives, men whose business has been pounded to bits by the impact of war, tenants' defence leagues throughout Britain, are clamouring for a reduction of rents to a reasonable, emergency level.

The Minister of Health is to be asked to give this relief the full power of the law.

He will be confronted not only by the unanswerable argument that, because of loss of income, a large part of the population can no longer pay pre-war rents, but reminded of the officially admitted increases in the cost of living.

He will be told, also, of traders whose businesses have declined, but whose rates have doubled or trebled.

IN some parts of London, where ground rents have always been fantastically high, many shopkeepers are threatened with ruin.

The businesses in one famous shopping street pay half a million pounds a year in ground rent. Excessive even in peace time, this sum is now a burden that war trade cannot bear.

But the worst sufferers are the "little people" whose budgets are more concerned with pence than pounds.

Mrs. H., of Birmingham, has lived in the same house since 1917. Then the rent was 9s. 3d. a week. Now it is 22s. 6d.

Her Reservist husband, having been called up, her income has dropped to 27s. a week. Yet the landlord refuses to take less rent, though she has probably bought the house twice over.

Mrs. W., of North London, is a younger woman—little more than a girl, indeed. Married only a few months before the war, she is still buying her home by hire-purchase.

Her boyish husband wears Air Force blue nowadays. Though he spares her every farthing he can from his pay, only 26s. goes into their little home each week.

The landlord demands 25s. of it!

Those two cases typify the plight of thousands of rent victims whose letters pour into JOHN BULL'S offices.

Already Mr. and Miss Whitehall, nursing the War Office's youngest offspring through its growing pains, are dismayed by the avalanche of work which the infant is expected to do.

This War Office "baby" is the Military Services Special Allowances Committee, created to help soldiers' wives who are suffering hardship.

But even if the M.S.S.A.C. allows a weekly grant to every soldier's wife whose rent is dear—and that is hardly likely—taxpayers may well wonder why the nation should have to subsidise greedy landlords.

Besides, the M.S.S.A.C. cannot help Mr. N., a motor salesman, whose job was scuttled by Hitler and



It's the man for the rent. How can she pay him?

who thinks himself lucky to be earning £3 a week now as a first-aid man.

He lives in a 35s.-a-week flat in a Surrey suburb, and the landlord refuses to accept lower payments "for the duration."

True, Mr. N. and the army of other war victims like him can defy the landlord. They are protected by the Courts (Emergency Powers) Act, which says that they cannot be evicted without a court order.

The court would undoubtedly reckon Mr. N.'s offer of a pound a week to be a reasonable compromise.

But remember that, legally, the balance will have to be repaid after the war!

Unless other arrangements are ordered by Parliament, the total of rent arrears will make peace a disaster rather than a blessing.

Defying U-boats and Storms, Lifeboatmen are

SAVING SEVEN LIVES A DAY

THE quiet heroism of a Kent doctor who went out three times in twenty-four hours in the Walmer lifeboat is typical of the unsung bravery of the great national service still defying death at sea to rescue not only victims of storms but also the men threatened by enemy vessels.

The doctor's first trip lasted five hours with the boat "driving through the seas like a bucking broncho."

Later the doctor reported: "Started in darkness to find the Dutch oil tanker 'Mirza.'"

"We didn't find her. Gave up after five hours, to wait for daylight."

"Off again at 8 a.m. One Dutchman had a smashed hand; another abdominal trouble. I fixed them up all right!"

Then in the afternoon there was a "doctor" call from the Greek ship *Pandias* for an appendicitis case.

So the doctor, bag in hand, set out again with the lifeboat, and a seaman lost his appendix but kept his life.

Laconic messages, worthy in brevity to stand beside French military communiqués, describe acts of heroism that can also take their place with stories from the Western Front. There is a wealth of meaning in such a message as:

"The lifeboat brought in forty-two men, the crew of the British 'Influence'; next day they brought back thirty-

Heroes

264 launches since war started.
645 lives saved (average seven a day).
145 motor lifeboats, fifteen rowing boats.
2,000 lifeboatmen.
2,000 reserve.
Annual cost £200,000—a penny a head of population would meet the bill.

seven men, the crew of the 'Cheyenne.'

Two thousand men, with an equal number in reserve, are always ready to push out the 145 lifeboats that answer calls of distress.

Towering seas, thick fogs and U-boats make no difference. Crews are always ready to gamble with death.

Since the war began, the lifeboat service has saved 645 lives, an average of seven a day.

When an East Coast lifeboat set out to seek the survivors of the Hull steamer *Geraldus*, the lifeboatmen were a bit dubious about having a woman on board, yet Dr. Nora Acheson insisted on going.

There was a heavy sea, but those who expected to see the woman doctor go down with seasickness were disappointed.

The lifeboat cruised round the scene of the explosion, and then came the message, "services not needed."

Back in harbour the woman doctor said, "Well, it's all in the day's work."

Not long ago the Cromer lifeboat limped into Lowestoft harbour, after being battered for twenty-two hours in a raging gale.

She started out under the command of Coxswain Blogg at 10.30 a.m., to go to the rescue of a ship grounded on a sandbank thirty-two miles east of Cromer.

After the crew of twenty-nine had been landed she went out again to take ten men off the drifter *Vera Crina*, by means of a breeches-buoy. Seas were so heavy that at times the lifeboat rode higher than the steamer in the water.

When the Hoylake lifeboat went out a fortnight ago there was a seventy-year-old veteran among the crew.

The boat returned after twelve hours' battling in raging seas and intense cold, and the veteran was brought ashore unconscious.

These men are too tough to know when to give in.

Think of this work, and realise that lifeboatmen receive no pay. The coxswain and motor mechanic only get a small retaining fee.

After a rescue, small grants are made to the men according to the circumstances. It may be two to five pounds.

Behind it all is the Royal National Lifeboat Institution, a private body.

The work still goes on in dark and dangerous seas.

NOW think of another section of the community, whose income has not been reduced, but to whom the rising cost of living brings anxiety that the income taxpayer never knows.

Three-quarters of the money paid by the State in old-age pensions goes to landlords.

And there are poor women, with young families to rear, whose widows' pensions are entirely swallowed up by rent.

No less startling are the revelations in a survey recently issued by the T.U.C. following investigation by independent authorities.

It provides evidence that many low-paid workers, who have no alternative but to rent a modern house, are paying "between 30 and 40 per cent. of their incomes in rent alone."

In one London area, three thousand families pay 38 per cent. In another, many have to surrender half their total earnings to the landlord.

Clearly, such mitigations of a national evil as are given by the M.S.S.A.C. and the Emergency Powers Act are too slight. Besides, they attempt only to put the cart before the horse.

The decent landlord must be protected against exploitation. There must be particular safeguards for the humble couple who have sunk their life savings in a small property and rely upon its rent for their existence.

BUT equally necessary are methods to prevent wealthy landlords from benefiting by the war and continuing to draw exorbitant rents by the aid of public subsidies.

Surely a well-intentioned Government, which is fixing fair food prices, should also fix fair rents?

It should be a simple matter. Just how simple, JOHN BULL has often shown.

The assessment of every house is officially known. It is, of course, the annual value of the landlord's property on which he pays income tax.

Why not add to that assessment figure the amount he pays in rates, plus a fixed allowance for repairs, profit and depreciation—and make that the controlled fixed rent?

It would give the owner a reasonable return. It would save the nation's purse from the depredations of Special Allowances and other public assistance.

It would save not only soldiers' wives but millions of others from what the War Minister calls the "chief cause of hardship."

RECORDS

★ FOR FUN AND MUSIC AT CHRISTMAS ★

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BOYS IN FRANCE
The
Actual Performance!

Sir Seymour Hicks Introduces—
**OUR GRACIE WITH THE BOYS
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Sing as We Go; I Never Cried so Much
in all my Life; An Old Violin
When I Grew too old to Dream;
Walter, Walter; I'm Sending a Letter
to Santa Claus; Wish Me Luck

I'm Sending a Letter to Santa Claus
Fairy on the Christmas Tree

Wish Me Luck

Danny Boy
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MORE LAUGHS!

GEORGE FORMBY

Good-night, Little Fellow, Good-night
Pardon Me (Both from film "Come on
George")

I Could Not Let the Stable Down
I'm Making Headway Now (Both from
film "Come on George")

Lancashire Hot-Pot Swingers
With my Little Stick of Blackpool Rock

The Window Cleaner (No. 1)

Keep Your Seats Please

THE TWO LESLIES with Orchestra
(Leslie Serony and Leslie Holmes)

Down at the Hole in the Wall—
Sweet Fanny Adams

REGINALD DIXON AT THE ORGAN
Dixontime (No. 2)

Dixontime (No. 1)

Gypsians (A Selection of Famous Gypsy Airs)

REGAL 16
ZONOPHONE RECORDS

For Christmas Presents. Post a Record Token to your friend.
He chooses the records he likes best at his own dealer's. Tokens
from 3/6d. with an attractive Greetings Card. GET THEM
FROM YOUR DEALER NOW.

Give Record Tokens

GET THESE LATEST COLUMBIA HITS!

ARTHUR RISCOE

Bright Star of Musical Comedy

Goodbye Sally (Riscoe & Borrelli)

Follow the White Line (Bernaby & North)

THREE FAMOUS BANDS

Bring West End Glamour to your Home

CARROLL GIBBONS

AND HIS BAND For Style

I'll Pray for You, Fox-Trot

They Can't black-out the Moon, Fox-Trot

Day In, Day Out, Fox-Trot

What's New! Fox-Trot

GERALDO And the Savoy

Hotel Orchestra

For Brilliant Orchestrations

Somewhere in France with you, Waltz

I'm sending a letter to Santa Claus, Fox-Trot

I'll Remember, Fox-Trot

Blue Orchids, Fox-Trot

Wish Me Luck, Quick-Step

Bon Voyage, Charlie, Fox-Trot

SIDNEY LIPTON

And his Greener House

Dance Orchestra For Novelty

Down at the Hole in the Wall, Comedy

Waltz

Crash! Bang! I want to go Home, Fox-Trot

Roses are Blooming in Cleveland, Fox-Trot

Lonely Sweetheart, Waltz

STUART HIBBERD

Britain's best known Voice—

the B.B.C.'s Chief Announcer

Extracts from H. V. Morton's "In

Search of England" in 2 parts

THE WESTERN BROTHERS

Lord Haw Haw of Zeppen

Bad Show Chape

ITMA "It's that Man Again"

TOMMY HANDLEY

It's That Man Again

Tomsky the Great Counter Spy

TURNER LAYTON

"My Piano and Me"

Till the Lights of London Shine Again

I'm Sending a letter to Santa Claus

Bonnie Wee Thing

Ma Little Kinkie Head

Lucky You, Lucky Me

Lonely Sweetheart

TORCH At the Organ and

RAYMOND NEWELL (Vocalist)

There'll Always be an England

Lords of the Air

UNCLE GEORGE and his Knees

(With Piano)

A Musical Fairy-tale—Little Bo-Peep

A Musical Fairy-tale—The Three Bears

LATEST FROM YOUR
FAVOURITE STARS

JACK WARNER

A new one from old "Rawlway Lines"

His Biggest Laugh Yet!

I didn't order 'a set it -

Somebody's asked me

MAX BACON

(With piano accompaniment)

Little Red Hooding Ride

William T-Hall

PHYLLIS ROBINS

(With Orchestra)

I'm Sending a Letter to Santa

Crash! Bang! I want to go

Home (The black-out song from

"Black Velvet")

HUTCH AT THE PIANO

Romance for Sentimental Moods

Ridin' Home (There's a Stray on

His Way)

Lords of the Air

This Heart of Mine

Later on

HARRY ROY

And his Orchestra

My Heart Belongs to Daddy, Fox-Trot

Follow the White Line, 6/8

Adolf

They can't black-out the moon

Oh! You crazy moon, Fox-Trot

Oh! Ain't it grand to be in the

Navy

Out of the Rag Bag, 2nd Edition, 2/-

VICTOR SILVESTER

and His Ballroom Orchestra

STRICT TEMPO—NO VOCALS

The Black-out Scroll, Novelty

Dance

Gay Nineties Selection, Voices

An Apple for the Teacher, Quick-Step

Blue Orchids, Slow Fox-Trot

I'll Remember, Slow Fox-Trot

Lonely Sweetheart, Waltz

MORETON AND MAYE

(On Two Pianos with String, Bass and Drums)

Favourites in Rhythm, No. 2

Part 1, Intro.: Sleepy Time Gal;

Should I; What more can I ask;

Part 2, Pardon me Pretty Baby;

Pasadena; I'll stand beneath your

window and whistle

Tin Pan Alley Medley No. 20,

introducing popular hits of the

moment, played in polished and

scintillating style

Warlophone

If you have no Radiogram

Play these through your Radio Set

WITH THE NEW ALL-ELECTRIC

COLUMBIA RECORD PLAYER

Just plug in to the

pick-up sockets in your

radio set and to the

A.C. mains, and it's ready

to play. Plays 10" or 12"

records with the 8d

closed. Automatic

start and stop.

59/6

For A.C. mains only.

"What! No walkies
to-night?" barks Judy



WHAT about your dog? Is he a 'plus' dog? It's up to you. The black-outs mean seriously restricted exercise. War-rationing will inevitably bring about an ill-balanced diet. These two factors will certainly upset your dog's health unless you take immediate steps to keep his blood pure.

Regular conditioning with Bob Martin's Condition Powders will rid your dog's blood of the toxic impurities set up by loss of exercise and faulty feeding. One Bob Martin's once a day will make your dog a 'plus' dog by maintaining a rich, pure blood supply. He will be fit, happy and high-spirited. Start conditioning now—such a small price to pay for his invaluable companionship. From all chemists and dog-food shops, 6d. for packet of 9 and 1/- for carton of 21 powders.

FREE BOOKLET Your problems of dog management are all solved in "How to care for Your Dog in Wartime." Free on application to Bob Martin Ltd., 600 Union St., Southport, Lancs.

Bob Martin's
one a day
makes a plus dog

THE TWO MAGIC TABLETS



WITH THE POWER TO
END
COLDS & 'FLU
QUICKLY!

Never shut your eyes to the early signs of cold or 'flu: a throbbing head, running eyes and a rise in temperature. Always Remember Phensic! In two of these tiny tablets is the exact treatment you need for overnight recovery. Millions of homes rely on Phensic. Get a supply today. 3d., 6d., 1/3, 3/- and 5/-.

Phensic
FOR
HEADACHES
NERVE PAINS
LUMBAGO
SCIATICA
RHEUMATISM
COLDS & 'FLU

Quickest and Safest for
COLDS and INFLUENZA

This is the headline Hitler dreams of:



"PREPARE A PLAN FOR THE INVASION OF BRITAIN."

When Hitler gave this order to the strategists of the High Command they thought he was joking.

They said it was impossible to invade Britain until the Royal Navy had been swept from the seas.

"Nothing is impossible to me," snapped the Fuehrer.

He went on to outline the phantasy that he wanted to turn into reality. Some of his "yes"-generals were attracted by the daring scheme, but those who clung to reality pointed out the colossal obstacles in their way.

Yet they had to prepare the plan in detail. It was the wish of the Fuehrer.

Eventually they completed a booklet that was circulated among staff officers. It became a joke among those who were asked to comment on it, but it was still taken seriously by Hitler.

By means that cannot be divulged, Willi Frischauer, famous Austrian anti-Nazi publicist, was allowed for an hour to study this hush-hush plan for invading Britain. These are his comments.

By Willi Frischauer

I CAN still remember the hysterical words with which the secret report, giving details of the fantastic plan to invade Britain, announced its intentions to the staff officers of the High Command.

"The country that has not been invaded for centuries . . . the country that feels secure as an island and never dreams of invasion by an enemy army . . ."

It goes on to draw a detailed picture of Britain's coastlines, of defences chiefly designed to ward off attack from the air, of great stretches of lonely beach and cliff, of strategic industrial centres easily approached across narrow strips of coastal marsh.

It "explains" how Nazis can take advantage of all this.

The daydream is worked out with typical Teutonic thoroughness—except that no effort is made to gauge the reaction of British naval or land forces, or even civilians, to such an effort at invasion.

EVERYTHING possible is done to keep the daydream as happy as possible.

In its daring alone it is worthy of comment.

Bristling with impossibilities, Hitler looks on it as a "suicide squad" gesture that might cause chaos long enough for him to demand a truce.

Even so, he counts on Russian help to complete the submarine building programme by which he hopes to have four hundred U-boats in commission by next Spring.

Until then he cannot even consider his plan.

Each of these U-boats is to be of the large ocean-going type. On the fateful day, instead of carrying torpedoes they will be jam-packed with shock troops, 40,000 picked men, dragooned into forming an expeditionary force.

An optimist always, he hopes that six thousand large aircraft will be completed at the same time.

Stationed at secret airfields, they will each take off with a complement of ten fighting men, another 60,000 in all to swell the giant "suicide squad."

The way is to be prepared for these invaders by saboteurs, experienced in underhand warfare after years of sowing seeds of Nazi discontent in Middle Europe.

Some of them are members of the Fuehrer's chosen "suicide squads," others are dare-devils, eager to do anything that Hitler suggests.

They are to be dropped at night on the coast of Britain, equipped with a life-saving apparatus that will enable them to reach the shore with a minimum of swimming.

Hitler believes that if his aircraft can land magnetic mines on our coasts, there is no reason why they shouldn't drop men.

A bombing attack on another part of the country will divert attention from this visitation of saboteurs, dropping slowly into the sea with grey or black parachutes.

Landed sixty at a time, these men will come ashore to pose as British civilians.

They will peel off their special waterproof kit to reveal good English suits. No paper clothes for them, no cropped hair.

GOOD linguists, they will take their places among the many refugees already in this country.

Some of them will carry explosives and electrical equipment, with which they will prepare to mine bridges, telegraph centres and other means of communication.

Others will be expert propagandists, equipped with faked passports, who will take salient positions in industrial centres, ready to prey on the nerves of those people troubled by reports of the work of saboteurs.

Then dawns Der Tag.

Ignoring the efficiency of Britain's fine defence measures, the report pictures U-boats and aircraft speeding towards our shores carrying an army of human torpedoes and living bombs.

Hitler shows his immense optimism by suggesting that this army can be landed in this country without losing "more than 20 per cent."

He feels confident that with an army of 80,000 men in Britain he can dic-

tate his own terms to the Government. Each of his soldiers will wear duralumin armour and carry an automatic rifle and hand grenades.

He believes that his force, concentrated at one spot in Britain, will conquer about ten villages before units of the British Home Defence Forces could be assembled to subdue them.

This occupation of villages will bring out saboteurs and terrorists, who will set about bringing chaos to communications and spreading Nazi propaganda in industrial centres.

They will spread rumours about London being in the hands of German forces, and there will be no way of obtaining a denial of these stories if the saboteurs have worked thoroughly on telegraph systems.

Hitler imagines that the confusion would be terrible.

He thinks workers would believe these

stories about the invasion, about the Government resigning in favour of a pro-Nazi administration.

He even goes so far as to think he could rally a peace force of Britons and march them off to London, women and children first.

Still building fairy castles, the Fuehrer visualises the British Government resigning in the face of such a peace rally and his subsequent trip to London to deliver a peace oration to the Britons, freed of their tyranny by his daring.

IT is unnecessary to tackle this absurd plan piece by piece to show its threadbare reasoning, but it is interesting even if only to demonstrate how the Nazi régime has been driven to fantastic daydreams in trying to find a way out of the terrible difficulties with which it is faced.

It is necessary only to consider the effective shooting of British coastal defence forces and the deftness with which suspected aliens are put behind bars to realise that Hitler's plan must remain a daydream to keep him smiling when all else fails.

His optimism can never reach a higher level.

The Human Machine

In the Inn of Decision

THE great secret of making life run smoothly, even in such trying times as these, is to cultivate more than ever the habit of making decisions—and carrying out those decisions!

To put off until to-morrow is to create worry and discontent!

Yet there is an astounding amount of flabbiness and slackness now, even among the most self-possessed people.

They have ceased planning; don't want to do things that they would have taken in their stride as part of the day's work only four months ago.

They complain that everything is so "uncertain," so "bewildering," so "trying," so "difficult." There are almost as many excuses as there are people to make them. But the result is slackness.

Such a mental attitude creates a view of life that is upside down. Of course, things are uncertain, but things always were uncertain, always were "trying" and "difficult." Life always was a puzzle. It always will be.

If things are more uncertain than usual, more difficult and trying than they used to be, there is all the more reason for trying harder than ever. It's just a sum in simple proportion,



the greater the difficulty, the greater the effort needed.

Usually the small things cause the most worry. That's why it is so silly to put off deciding about them. The mental damage they can do is out of all proportion to their value.

Mental mosquitoes, the sooner you swat them the happier you'll be. There are plenty of difficulties facing us all these days without our adding some of our own making. There is an old Italian motto that we should hang in full view: "In the Inn of Decision man sleeps well."

If we get that into our heads, we shall continue to see life right side up.

SMALL TRADERS, ETC.

BE YOUR OWN MASTER.

Sell Drapery Bargains at a fair profit. Silk Stockings, Men's Socks and Children's Wear. 1,000 Bargains. A.B.C. Guide Free.—Cochrane's Warehouse, 1, Thomas Street, Manchester.

GROCERY.—120 assort. articles 10/- 43 cups, 6/-, Glass & Hardware. Dinner Set Free. Cat. & Guide Free.—Bridge St. Pottery & Bazaar.

PROFITABLE GOODS TO SELL, every kind. Bazaar Goods, Toys, Fancy Goods, etc.—144-page Catalogue free.—MAY (135), Birmingham.

NEXT time you buy Gramophone Needles get SONGSTER. You will be delighted and never want any other. Loud, Medium, Soft. 200 for 6d. Bronze pick-ups for Radios. 6d. per 100.—Manufacturers, J. Stead & Co., Ltd., Sheffield.

DRAPERS.—104-page Illus. Winter Catalogue post free. Covers all depts. also Boots and Shoes. Finest selection of perfect goods at keenest prices. Satisf. Enid. Wholesale Only.—Myers & Co. (L. & H.), Ltd., 7 Trinity St., Leeds, 1.

AGENCIES, CLUBS.

EARN GOOD MONEY IN YOUR SPARE TIME. Become an Agent for O.U.S. Shilling Clubs. Easy to run; big comm. 473 page Catalogue of 3,000 Bargains. Set for complete outfit, value 7/6, FREE, from Great Universal Stores, Devonshire Street, Ardwick, Manchester.

TRUSTWORTHY MEN AND WOMEN WANTED to take up profitable spare-time occupation. No risk. No outlay. Equipment provided free. From £2 up to £5 and more can easily be made in just a few minutes each week. Clothing, Boots and Shoes, Furnishings and Household Goods, direct from the Warehouse at Warehouse prices on 1/- weekly terms. Send postcard for big Bargain Catalogue and fullest details to Dept. J.B.63, Worldwide Wholesale Warehouses, Manchester, 1.

BARGAIN SALES.

WALLPAPER DIRECT from 21d. per roll. SEND for patterns post free.—WEST RIDING WALLPAPER CO., 43 TRINITY ST., LEEDS.

ALL NOVELTIES for Dances, Hats, Balloons, Novelty Musical Instruments, Masks.—List J.B. 1855 free.—Dudley's, 451, Holloway Road, N.7.

WALLPAPER direct from works. 336 patterns, post free. Delivery as usual.—OSBORNE MILLS, Dept. 5, Rochdale Road, Manchester.

WATERPROOF MACHES.—Lambwood Lined. Suitable for Troops, Airmen A.R.P., A.P.S., etc., etc. Amazing offer at 6/11 by Burton Products. See page 5.

WALLPAPERS from 21d. roll. New season's patterns. Post free both ways.—Bruce & Hall (J.B.), South Shields.

EMPLOYMENT.

POLICEMEN WANTED for various parts of the country. Excellent pay, prospects and pensions. Ages 19-24. No experience. — For full details of easy Entrance write. B.T.I. (Dept. 602), 250, Oxford Street, W.1.

TRACKERS AND DRAWING OFFICE ASSISTANTS required urgently. Both sexes—all ages. Practical experience unnecessary. Those wishing to take up this well-paid work should apply immediately for Free Handbook to B.I.E.T. (Dept. 711), 17, Stratford Place, London, W.1.

"John Bull" Guarantee

EVERY article advertised in JOHN BULL carries with it a "money back" guarantee.

All foods, food products, toilet preparations, medicines and drugs, and other articles capable of a laboratory test which have been approved by our experts are marked— In the case of medicines and drugs we guarantee that if they are taken or applied according to the directions they will have no injurious effects.

Naturally this guarantee applies only to manufactured articles, but every care is taken to satisfy ourselves as to the bona fides of all advertisements in JOHN BULL.

Any complaint must reach us within one month from the appearance of the advertisement in JOHN BULL and in the case of dispute the decision of our Managing Director shall be final.

ODHAMS PRESS LIMITED,
Proprietors of JOHN BULL.



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Address: The Advertisement Manager, "John Bull," 57-59, Long Acre, London, W.C.2.

POLICE FORCE.—Married and single men, age 19-27, urgently required for reserved occupations. Start £3 weekly and ordinary education now sufficient. For FREE GUIDE to simple entrance requirements apply CHAMBERS COLLEGE (Dept. 138), CHICHESTER, KENT.

SCHOOL ATTENDANCE OFFICERS. Reserved occupations for men over 25. Excellent pay and prospects. No exp. reqd. For FREE details of openings, etc., apply. CHAMBERS COLLEGE (Dept. 319), CHICHESTER, KENT.

CATARACT sufferers. If you would like a trial bottle of Vick-Vatrol—the new brand nasal drops which end Catarrh misery—write, mentioning John Bull, to "Vick," 309, Blackfriars Road, London, S.E.1, sending 2d. stamp. Offer appears on page 20.

FREE to sufferers from bad circulatory troubles and rheumatism. Write, mentioning John Bull, to Elasto (Dept. 158), Cecil House, Holborn Viaduct, London, E.C.1, for free sample of Elasto and a copy of a special free booklet explaining the Elasto treatment. Send now, while you think of it.

CHESTS OUT—

CHINS UP!



...and shave the chins with Easy!

EASY STAYS
MOIST SO MUCH
LONGER

Ordinary lathers dry up before you've finished shaving; the beard stiffens, and hack, hack, goes the blade over your poor skin.

But Lever's Easy keeps the beard soft and helpless all the time. You scarcely feel the blade as it gives you a close, smooth, effortless shave.



E 300-172-88

A LEVER PRODUCT

CIVIL SERVICE POSTS. Entry by Examination has now been suspended. Both sexes who wish for employment in the Civil Service should send for particulars of our War-time Entrance service, and details of pay and duties in the various branches. — B.T.I. (Dept. 171), 250, Oxford Street, London, W.1.

DRAUGHTSMANSHIP.—Men over 21 wanted for reserved occupations. Thousands of openings in all branches of Engineering, Govt. Service, etc. No exp. reqd. FREE details of rapid preparation and employment service for these vacancies from CHAMBERS COLLEGE (Dept. 323A), CHICHESTER, KENT.

MEDICAL, CURATIVE.

HOW TO STOP SMOKING.—Genuine remedy, proved by testimonials.—Write, The Stanley Institute, Ltd. (J.B.), 21, Warwick Lane, E.C.4.

DON'T WEAR A TRUSS! Use Brooks' Rupture Appliances. New Discovery. Wonderful! No lumpy pads, no springs. Durable, cheap. Binds and draws parts together quickly. Sent on trial. Catalogue free.—Address, Brooks Appliances Co., Ltd. (548D), 80, Chancery Lane, London, W.C.2.

GET THIS FREE BOOKLET! If you're run-down, feeling tired, lack pep and attractiveness, learn how iron, in an assimilable form, will restore you to health and bloom.—Write, mentioning John Bull, to The Iron Lotion Co., Ltd. (Dept. J.91), Watford, Herts, for an informative Free Book, "Iron Starvation: The Thief of Health and Strength." Write for this 10-day!

FREE to mothers. Valuable book, "BABY"—a wise, complete and simple guide to happy motherhood and healthy babyhood. Also mention John Bull, to Nestlé's Milk Products, Ltd. (L.P.17), 68, Essex Road, London, E.C.2.

FREE.—Send for a De Luxe Beauty Outfit of Powders and Skinfoods for both day and night use. Every woman reader can obtain one of these beauty outfits, which contains a special box of Powder Talcum and six samples of other shades: Talcum, Ltd. (Dept. 422W), Chase Road, East of London, N.W.11, in stamps to cover cost of postage, packing, etc.

ARE you a sampler? Do you respond to advertisements which offer samples? You ought to. It is a way of trying out all kinds of things which you might never know about. Make a habit of answering the advertisements and testing the goods.

BUSINESS SERVICES, ETC.

RETAILERS OFFERING SPECIAL A.R.P. LINES

Need not limit trade to Local requirements. In times like these TENS OF THOUSANDS must BUY BY POST. John Bull's FAMOUS "SHOP WINDOW" reaches millions of buyers all over the country. ONE ADVERTISER RECENTLY REPORTED THAT FROM A SINGLE ADVERTISEMENT HE HAD RECEIVED OVER 500 ORDERS FOR A 12/- ARTICLE. A mail order department has turned many a local business into a national one. Why not yours? START SMALL, GROW BIG. Copy on business letterhead for particulars and details of free advertisement writing service for shopkeepers and small traders. Address: Manager, Ideas and Sales Development Dept., John Bull, Room 23, 57-59, Long Acre, London, W.C.2.

MISCELLANEOUS.

XMAS DECORATIONS.—Trees, Holly, Evergreens, Mistletoe, etc., etc. Complete parcel from 1/- 6d. See Fruit Farms advertisement, page 5.

SHILL PUNCHBOARDS. Pre-War prices. 2/- 9d. profit on 1/2 board at 2d. per punch. Suppl. 30-hole board 3/6 and illus. BURDON HUMTER, 24, Woodville Road, London, E.11.

KIDONES are happy playing with Kew's famous metal farm Rodents in natural colours (animals, etc.). 25 pieces 4/- Post J. Kew's, Ltd., Redwell Works, Brockley, S.E.1. Special sets for Party organizers from 6d. each.

REGISTER your National Registration Number as your MEMORANDUM. Invaluable in war time. Protects your correspondence and property. 5s. yearly.—Write, RM/10007, W.C.1.

FREE! Get your boy to write or write yourself on his behalf for the free catalogue of Meccano products describing how bridges, towers and cranes can be built with Meccano products. A copy can be obtained post free.—Write, mentioning John Bull, to Dept. 37, Meccano, Ltd., Elms Road, Liverpool, 13. See page 20.

A BOOKLET of immediate practical importance to all dog-owners, entitled "How to care for your dog in war time," is now available free on application. It contains a wealth of practical hints regarding exercise during black-outs, war ration feeding, blastproof kennels, management of nervous dogs, etc.—Write, mentioning John Bull, to Bob Martin, Ltd. (100G), Union Street, Southampton, LANCS. See pg. 16.

JAY'S Furnishing Stores offer readers of John Bull a Catalogue crammed full of bargains of their Special Xmas Furnishings, together with full details of their special easy payment terms. A free copy of this excellent Catalogue and full particulars can be obtained by writing, mentioning John Bull, to Jay's Furnishing Stores Ltd., Dept. John Bull, 210, Tottenham Court Road, London, W.1.

A SPECIAL announcement of importance to all John Bull readers appears on page 29. The issue of the new National Savings Certificates will enable you to make your contribution to paying for the war. The Certificates are on sale at all Post Offices and Savings Banks throughout the country. Give your full support to this appeal, the success of which will be a vital contribution in helping to bring us victory!

ALWAYS use Cherry Blossom Boot Polish—it gives the brightest shine in half the time. Obtainable everywhere in tins from 1/6. Black Tint for Black footwear and Dark Tan Shine for brown are always popular.

IF you want to make a meal perfect, use a little O.K. Sauce. It's appetizing and tasty. A host of delicious ingredients give it a scrumptious fruity flavour that children love. A little O.K. Sauce makes children's meals cold meat, fish or stew. Mason's O.K. Sauce is the sauce that does you good.

IF you've never tried Manikins, get a pocket to-day. They are cigars rolled from the delicate tip leaves of tobacco—small for biscuit cases. They're mild and soothing. They cost only 5 for 1/-, or in a metal pocket case 15 for 3/-. Remember, too, that you can send 50 Manikins to the boys in France duty free for only 7/6. Ask your tobacconist for details.

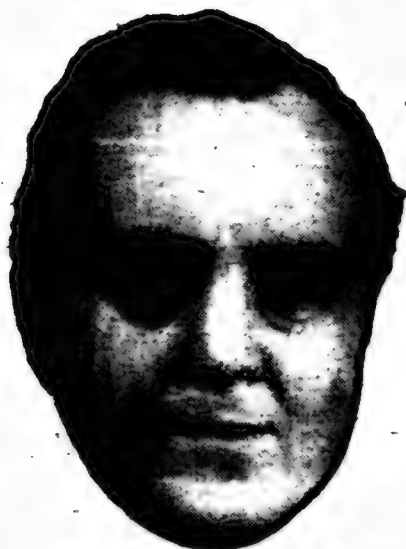
BUY records and be sure of your fun and music at Christmas. The latest from your favourite stars on Royal Columbia and page 16. phone records are given in detail on page 16. Give record tokens to your friend. He'll be sure to like them best at his own choice. Tokens can be obtained from 3/3 with an attractive Greeting Card. They are obtainable from your dealer now. And remember, if you have got a Radiogramophone, play your records through your Radio Set with the new all-electric record player, which you just plug in to your radio set and to the A.C. mains. It's ready to play. Don't overlook the announcement on page 16 for fuller details.

FREE catalogue of Giro famous rings, pearls and jewellery. Giro creations challenge the closest comparison with fine real jewellery, however costly. These beautiful articles are even more expensive—from a guinea upwards (and on any terms if desired)—and if you can direct any difference from more costly rings, write at once mentioning John Bull, to Giro, 48, Old Broad Street, London, W.1, for free catalogue of rings, chain rings, car-rings, brooches, watches, chain rings and other Giro gems. Do so regularly and Christmas is not so far away! You can make your choice now, from the catalogue!

"FRENCH As You March."—This is the title of a wonderful English-French Phrase Book which will help every Service man. He just has to have to speak a word of French, and immediately he'll be able to understand the meaning of such a word. The book is written in such a way that he can only read it out. You will be doing him a good turn if you send him a copy of this book, price 1/-, or 1/3 post free from the publishers, Veevers & Hensman, Ltd., Burnley, Lancs.

PREYING ON JOBLESS

**SIR
WYNDHAM
CHILDS
WEEKLY
WARNINGS**



Mr. C. W. Gibson, L.C.C.,
has repeatedly referred to
this problem...

Torch Swindles

THE shortage of electric torch batteries has led to a flood of cheapjack swindles. In market places up and down the country, faked batteries, well nigh useless, are being foisted on the unwary.

A Bradford reader tells me how a man did a flourishing trade with what he called "A.R.P. torch batteries." They were 3d. each.

By a cunning trick he made them appear to give excellent light, but when in the ordinary torch there was only a dull glow, which quickly petered out.

By the time the dodge was discovered the swindler was miles away gulling more people.

Complaints of other ramps are reaching me by nearly every post, and there are complaints, too, about disgraceful profiteering in the sale of torches and batteries.

Only safeguard is to buy torches from shops you know.

If you feel you are being overcharged, write to the Central Prices Regulation Committee, Great Westminster House, Horseferry Road, London, S.W.1.

GHOUL!

BEREAVED households should beware of a mean cheat, going by the no doubt assumed name of "Barnett," who poses as a reporter attached to a local newspaper.

He claims to have called to arrange for a report of the funeral, and with practised art leads to the suggestion that payment of a fee will ensure that "a nice report" is published.

One North London widower parted with £5 5s. Scotland Yard now has details of instances in which as much as eight and ten guineas have been paid.

"Barnett," moving about the country fairly rapidly, finds it easy to pick out potential dupes from death announcements in newspapers.

Local newspapers do not make any charge for publishing reports of deaths and funerals in news columns.

Any charges made for announcements are clearly stated in the published advertisement rates.

SIR SAMUEL HOARE believes that in a few months the job will be looking for the man—and presumably the woman. Meantime, thousands desperately need work, and many are paying out their last shillings in fees to agencies promising, by optimistic advertisements, to find them new work quickly.

And job-finding bluffers are growing rich on the plight of jobless men and women.

Some of these concerns are genuine to the extent that they have an organisation for contacting employers to whom they offer the services of those on their books. Many are simply cleverly disguised fee-snatching establishments.

The Montpellier Employment Association, of Montpellier Street, London, S.W., was a glaring example.

The proprietor's terms were a guinea for registration, and the whole of the first week's pay after a job had been secured.

The promoter was Douglas Mackinnon, and this venture was schemed shortly after he came out of jail recently after serving a long term of penal servitude to which he was sentenced at Exeter Assizes for a series of frauds as a stockbroker. He and his ramshackle agency soon disappeared. The usual end.

The employment agency business is a happy hunting ground for such scoundrels.

Unfortunate that a Bill to control them which was being formulated just before war broke out had to be shelved.

As the law stands, it is difficult for local authorities to take any action. Unscrupulous people take cover in craftily compiled terms, often printed in minute type on registration forms and seldom read by applicants. There is no redress if the whole transaction ends, as it frequently does, with the payment of a fee.

One man well known to the authorities is reckoned to have made a small fortune out of the ramp. He appears at different places with all kinds of imposing nameplates.

Files at London County Council offices and Scotland Yard are packed with complaints about him, yet he manages to keep on the right side of the law.

George Spencer, who travels about the country starting the racket from temporary addresses in various towns, is a convicted crook. He has been careless, and there is now a warrant for his arrest.

These agency offers must be tempting to the unemployed, particularly now, but I most earnestly warn everyone concerned to be cautious about handing over any fees.

If you are in doubt, write to me.

Under the headline "Try Again, Mr. Hamilton Hargreaves," in JOHN BULL for September 10, 1938, reference was made to Mr. A. Hamilton Hopkins, of 433a, Rochester Way, Bexley, Kent.

We wish to make it clear that Mr. A. Hamilton Hopkins is in no way connected with Mr. Hargreaves, and we willingly publish this disclaimer to remove any misapprehension that may have arisen.

We greatly regret any inconvenience that Mr. A. Hamilton Hopkins may have suffered through this article.

Public Benefactor

MR. J. COAST, of Wedmore Street, Upper Holloway, receives this week's £1 1s. for writing to me about something that obviously needs investigation.

"John Bull" will continue its work of giving publicity to any scandal meriting attention in these columns.

Tributes constantly arrive about the work of my department, and perhaps I may be forgiven for quoting from one of them:

"I wish to thank you again for your interest and very valuable advice in this matter. I think it is a very noble work that you are doing, and if I ever find anything I think ought to be exposed I shall not hesitate to inform you."

"I must tell you that as soon as my copy of 'John Bull' arrives I immediately turn to your page so that I can be armed in future against any further rackets that crop up."

Moonshine in Middlesex

BEGGING-LETTER pests have become such a nuisance recently that I must issue a special warning to those likely to fall victims to their wiles.

I have been asked to advise readers receiving letters from a plausible person named Todd, operating from Eastcote Road, Ruislip, Middlesex.

Among the stereotyped epistles of Todd is a topical appeal in which he refers to the Lord's Prayer, and adds, "Only kindred souls will understand the helpless position this dreadful war has placed me in."

"How true to-day are the words of Rabbin Burns, as applied to Hitler:

Man's inhumanity to man
Makes countless thousands
mourn."

Todd describes himself as an "elderly educated man, fallen upon adversity, and approaching the allotted span of life." His sole source of existence, he pretends, is a gift of "poetry."

* * *

With his appeals he encloses a card on which is printed a three-versed poem ending "Soothe thou our anguish while we pray."

Todd is a sanctimonious old cadger who has been working a big-scale begging-letter racket for years.

He has been known by many names, including Carroll, Reynolds, and "Major" Reynolds, and is completely unworthy.

He is only one of many impostors turning the war to their own account by sending out pathetic requests of this type—frequently turned out by mass production!

Out for a Song!

SONG-WRITERS have been driven into a frenzy by the inspiration of war. My post-bag is filled with the lyrics of these patriotically minded writers, most of whom ask for the name of a trustworthy publisher who would have their words put to music and place the song on the market.

* * *

It is necessary, therefore, to issue another urgent warning against the many sharks lying in wait for novice song-writers. Their misleading advertisements are increasing.

Don't have anything to do with anyone who asks a preliminary fee for publishing your song. No reputable publisher works that way.

Three people to watch especially are Julian Wright, Vivian Campbell, and a man who runs the Paramount Publishing Company.

"Sweep" Law Mockery

AS far as the Irish Sweepstake is concerned, the Lottery Act seems to have become a mockery. Books of tickets are being pushed through the letter-boxes of many houses and addresses are obviously being taken from directories.

I am inundated with requests to know whether it is now legal for tickets to be sold in this country.

The war has not changed the law. Those dealing in tickets do so at their own risk. Money sent by post in payment for tickets is liable to confiscation by the Postmaster-General. Those concerned may be prosecuted.

This time the "sweep" is in aid of a most laudable object, but this does not affect the legal position.

* * *

My chief objection, however, is that books are being sent out indiscriminately to householders in this country from private individuals in Ireland.

It is left to the good faith of these random recipients to send counterfoils and money to the Irish headquarters.

"What guarantee have I," is a question asked by many a reader, "that the money collected in this haphazard fashion will ever really be handed over to the organisers?"

Here are the Answers



"Black-out curtains" and special steel doors seal the House of Commons for a secret session of Parliament

"Sir, I Spy Strangers!"

WHAT IS THE PROCEDURE OF THE "SECRET SESSIONS" OF THE HOUSE OF COMMONS?

ANY Member can demand a secret session at any time by simply standing up and saying to the Speaker, "Sir, I spy strangers."

If carried when the Speaker puts the matter to vote of the House, all attendants and reporters must leave, galleries are closed, sound-proof doors are slipped on special hinges always kept in readiness, and all windows are "blackened out."

Official Hansard reporters remain outside the closed doors ready to be called to take a secret note of the proceedings. They are issued with special notebooks that must be handed in at the end of the day.

Divulging anything said during the session carries a penalty of seven years' penal servitude.

There were seven secret sessions during the last war.

?

HAS ANY AUTHORITATIVE ESTIMATE BEEN MADE YET OF THE ORDINARY CITIZEN'S CHANCES OF DEATH OR DISABLEMENT IN AN AIR BOMBARDMENT OF BRITAIN?

THE world's champion "right-guessers," Lloyd's, of London, employing the finest information sources in existence, have just issued their premium rate for such risks, as £1 for every £100 insured. In other words, Lloyd's will bet you 100 to 1 that you will not be hurt or killed in a raid.

?

PARACHUTE ATTACKS BY RUSSIAN TROOPS HAVE BEEN REPORTED FROM FINLAND. IS THERE ANY FUTURE FOR THIS FORM OF WARFARE?

SPECIALISING in these tactics for several years, the Red Army is reported to have 100,000 men fully trained in "parachute attack."

They descend from escorted troop-carrying aircraft far behind enemy lines.

Some men will carry sub-machine

guns, others ammunition supplies, portable radio transmitters, and even light gun parts to be assembled at arranged rendezvous.

German Army has also carried out experiments in this direction.

High Command believes that "parachute armies" would be a failure against organised European countries, with properly equipped armies and lines of communication. Spies can be "planted" in enemy territory in this way. So can small "Fifth Column" groups with instructions to sabotage railways, water reservoirs, power stations and similar points of importance.

See "Hitler Dreams of Invading Britain," page 17.

?

IS THERE ANY ANTI-BRITISH FEELING DEVELOPING AMONG NEUTRAL COUNTRIES AS A RESULT OF THE "TWO-WAY" BLOCKADE? IS THERE ANY METHOD BY WHICH WE COULD REMOVE THAT FEELING?

THE export blockade of German goods will throw thousands of dockside and marine workers in Holland out of work, and Rotterdam is now Germany's No. 1 port.

Scandinavian countries and even far-away Italy are affected in the same way.

Even our propaganda has been inefficient, so it is no use asking a man to remember larger world issues when his job has gone, and his larder is empty through no fault of his own.

Better than ineffective propaganda is to offer neutral ships as much sea-carriage as they lost through our limiting German traffic. Coal and other commodities still have to "go places." Our own ships have more than enough to do.

If we can offer outward freights of British goods for every cargo brought to us, we shall keep friends and lose nothing.

?

HOW IS THE WAR LIKELY TO AFFECT THE "DRINK TRADE"?

SUCH alcoholic horrors as the "shell beer" of the last war are highly improbable this time. Main

reasons are that we are much more temperate than in 1914-18; there is a higher standard of living, and so the extra pay of munition workers is less likely to be spent in drink to the detriment of their health and work. Also, there is higher taxation.

Whisky production will probably cease because the price of barley has already gone to 70s. a quarter from 40s. last year. And the "extra" cannot be passed on to the public because taxation has already brought consumption to a point of decline.

There will be no shortage. Stocks now held total 150 million gallons, enough for eight years.

?

WHY HAVE THE R.A.F. MADE SO MANY RAIDS OVER HELIGOLAND AS COMPARED WITH OTHER NAZI BASES?

MAXIMUM results can be obtained at minimum cost by raiding Heligoland. To attack Kiel or Wilhelmshaven means travelling a long distance over Germany territory, and our machines must run a gauntlet on their return journey. Casualties in a previous Kiel raid were caused by

fighters sent up from Heligoland.

This island forms a rough triangle with those of Borkum and Sylt. Within this area R.A.F. men find the whole of Germany's submarine mine-layer and mine-dropping aeroplane depots.

WHAT ARE THE "RULES OF WAR"?

See panel below.

NAZIS FLOUT THIS WORLD CODE

THIS method of warfare is a violation of The Hague Convention, to which Germany gave her signature.

Listeners have become so accustomed to B.B.C. announcers making this comment after broadcasting yet another report of Nazi brutality, that they no longer stop to wonder about the details of these Rules of War.

Embodied principally in the Hague Convention of 1907, they are supplemented and modernised by such documents as the Covenant of the League of Nations and the Geneva Protocol of 1925.

The work of international lawyers, these rules of war can't be enforced. They appeal only to the honour of the nations that agreed to abide by them. So far there is no international police force able to use force in seeing that they are obeyed.

Like most legal documents, these rules of war are lengthy and complex, but it is not difficult to summarise those contravened by the Nazi Government.

HITLER has cynically flouted these four naval commitments designed to humanise war at sea. With other nations he agreed to refrain from:

Laying unanchored automatic contact mines, except when so constructed as to become harmless one hour at most after the person who laid them ceases to control them.

Laying anchored contact mines that do not become harmless as soon as they have broken loose.

Laying mines off enemy coasts and ports with the object of intercepting commercial shipping.

It has been agreed to take precau-

tions for the security of neutral shipping.

The Geneva Protocol of 1925 condemns the use of "all asphyxiating gases and all analogous liquids, materials or devices."

The first act of the war, the German invasion of Poland, violated the rule that "hostilities must not commence without a reasoned declaration of war or an ultimatum with a conditional declaration of war."

WITH this act, two other laws were broken simultaneously: "... not to attack or bombard towns, villages, habitations or buildings that are not defended," and "war must not be waged against peaceful inhabitants of enemy territory."

When an army captures an enemy territory and puts its inhabitants to work, "services... must be... of such a nature as not to involve the population in the obligation of taking part in military operations against their country."

Yet Hitler is drafting Polish soldiers into the German army.

The Geneva Convention demands that belligerent States shall "maintain pacific relations with neutral countries" and contains a clause prohibiting the "capture of small vessels engaged on coast fisheries, providing that they are not serving war purposes."

Nations have agreed also "not to kill or wound treacherously individuals belonging to the hostile nation or army."

Yet Nazi aircraft dived to machine-gun workers in Polish fields with the same disdain that Nazi leaders riddle these Rules of War.

① "As Mr. Churchill told us in his last 'Naval balance sheet,' we are sinking submarines faster than Germany can build them." Here are captured Nazi U-Boat men being landed at a British port



ALL sorts of hopes and fears will the war end "when," but w

It will end, perhaps generally expected, in Hitlerism.

There is no question. People ought not to permit it to pass unchallenged. To consider compromise is dishonour. It is betrayal.

Actually, the end—of the war is in sight. Advisers now realise the win. Why else should we speak of their private for Nazi Germany is drifting into war on a tide in her favour. The fickle her sails.

Not W

But the wind has changed the turn. Soon the ebb of set in.

"Wish fulfilment" is a phrase. Pessimists use it that every optimist is a ling.

We are not weakling victory, but we would rather ruptly than bargain with Germany.

For this reason, and the Government is right to But we still think that to sustain one.

We are confident that stronger and the enemy months of relative inaction.

AND WE ARE STILL HITLER'S PERSONAL PRISONER

This article is written immediate development could not be less predictable.

Russia's barbarous and horrified the world, and countries were shortly to Bull would not be altogether.

But Hitler, and not main obstacle to a just overthrow is the essential rebuilding of a new Europe.

IT IS PLAIN THAT LONGER THE ABSOLUTE MANY.

HIS ARMY COMMAND HIS ORDERS WITHOUT MEANT TO INVADE H

HITLER in the TWILIGHT

STOPPED HIM FROM DOING SO AT THE LAST MOMENT.

The regular Army men, as distinct from the Nazi party, have always regarded Hitler with suspicion and a slightly snobbish touch of contempt. Most of them hotly resented the pact with Russia.

Now they are convinced that this was not only a despicable bargain but a bad one. And their faith, not in Hitler's ability but in his "luck," is shaken.

The German Army was disinclined to risk war in the first instance.

The German people, for all their docility, could not have been trusted to face the prospect of a war against Britain and France. That is why they were assured that the Allies, once they learned of the Moscow pact, would never fight for Poland.

But they are fighting, and the whole of Germany now realises that, in this matter at least, the Fuehrer has miscalculated.

Before long the docile Germans are bound to realise that Hitler has made other and more serious mistakes.

The inactivity which is a strain to some of us is becoming almost unbearable to German middle-age, which can remember how the seeming deadlock on the Western Front in 1917 and 1918 turned gradually into an Allied stranglehold.

To-day, Germany is already feeling that same relentless squeeze. The extension of the blockade to exports as well as imports will cripple all that is left of her foreign trade.

And Germany must export or perish. That, too, is part of Hitler's gospel, and yet, in one of Goering's own papers, it is openly stated that "England's sea power, now as in the last war, has brought German overseas trade to a complete standstill."

For internal purposes the Nazi propaganda machine may still be the most efficient in the world, but an admission of this kind simply will not tally with Goebbels' boasts about a "blockaded Britain."

In fact, as Mr. Churchill told us in his last "Naval balance sheet," the British and French navies are sinking submarines faster than Germany can build them, and they have already found an effective counter to the magnetic mine.

Heavy shipping losses have been sustained and we must expect further losses. But convoy after convoy brings supplies to us from the four corners of the earth and our food rationing has not yet begun.

Nazi Blunders

It would be a mistake to suppose that Germany is yet in desperate straits herself for any supplies except oil. But this particular shortage is another of Hitler's blunders.

He has boasted of his invincible air armada, and now he finds that he has not enough fuel to keep it in the air through any large-scale and long-sustained combat.

Goering has allocated £15,000,000 to the building of a synthetic petrol plant, and Germany's high-pressure "salesmen" have tried to squeeze a little more "juice" out of Roumania.

In vain. The new plant will not go into pro-

duction for many months, and the recent deal with Roumania is of negligible importance.

Russia, whose assistance was always dubious, is now less likely than ever to send any useful quantity of oil to Germany. And meanwhile the strength of the Allied air forces is increasing at formidable speed.

We are inclined to think that mass air attacks upon Britain and France are no longer probable. If they should ever be made, they are foredoomed to failure and will mark with certainty the beginning of the end for Nazi Germany.

It is reported from neutral sources that Hitler cannot sleep at nights. We think it highly likely. He has more than enough on his mind to keep him awake.

Already Beaten

Even an amateur generalissimo must know that the Western Wall is impregnable. It is equally obvious that the Allied blockade cannot be broken by U-boat or by mine. And the final desperate adventure of unrestricted aerial warfare has become demonstrably unprofitable.

IN FACT, HITLER, THE DICTATOR, IS ALREADY BEATEN. THE BRUTAL REGIME WHICH HE HAS ESTABLISHED BY CORRUPTION AND TREACHERY MAY, FOR A LITTLE WHILE, SURVIVE HIS PERSONAL DOWNFALL, BUT THE FUEHRER HIMSELF ONLY REMAINS IN POWER TO-DAY BECAUSE THE GESTAPO KEEPS HIM THERE.

The Army dare not yet dispense with this puppet leader, for it fears that if Hitler were openly discredited millions of his enemies would rise in revolt. But his twilight has already come.

Successively, Hitler has betrayed almost every class in his own country.

He stamped out the Communists and then sold the German landowner and industrialist into bondage to the State.

He broke the trades unions. He persecuted Catholic, Protestant and Jew.

He abolished unemployment, but he instituted slavery.

He fooled all Germany—and, for a long time, all the world—into the belief that he was a patriot, seeking to rebuild a nobler Germany from the ruins of the old.

And now he stands revealed not only as an impostor, but also

as a failure. "A man must have luck!" he cried, when they told him of his escape from the Munich bomb. Well, he has had his luck, and the run has ended.

It may be true, as the Archbishop of York said in a recent letter to the Press, that the Germans will never consider our "peace aims" until they suffer "a grave military disappointment."

So much the worse for them, for the "grave disappointment" is surely awaiting them.

Right, in the last analysis, is stronger than might. "The passion for justice," said a distinguished American journalist on leaving London recently after a previous sojourn in Germany, "is stronger in Britain than in any other country."

And justice cannot be satisfied by anything less than the complete and final defeat of the forces of aggression.

We have nothing to fear but our fears. The end is not yet, but the end is in sight.

Hitler may not prove to be the last enemy of freedom, but he is the only enemy with whom we are now engaged.

And the days of his power are already numbered.

His tide is on the ebb.

ALL sorts of people with all sorts of hopes and fears are asking: "When will the war end?" We do not know "when," but we know "how."

It will end, perhaps much sooner than is generally expected, in the decisive defeat of Hitlerism.

There is no question of a "stalemate." People ought not to use this expression or permit it to pass unchallenged. Even to consider compromise is disloyalty. To advocate it is betrayal.

Actually, the end—though not the dated end—of the war is in sight. Some of Hitler's principal advisers now realise that they cannot hope to win. Why else should several of them have taken such care to send their wives and families—not to speak of their private fortunes—out of the Reich?

Nazi Germany is drifting to destruction. She sailed into war on a tide that seemed to be flowing in her favour. The fickle wind from Russia filled her sails.

Not Weaklings

But the wind has changed and the tide is at the turn. Soon the ebb of German fortunes must set in.

"Wish fulfilment" is a tedious and overworked phrase. Pessimists use it with a sneer. They think that every optimist is a "wish fulfilment" weakling.

We are not weaklings. We want a speedy victory, but we would rather face national bankruptcy than bargain with the evil genius of Germany.

For this reason, and for no other, we believe the Government is right to prepare for a long war.

But we still think that Germany will be unable to sustain one.

We are confident that the Allies have become stronger and the enemy weaker in the past months of relative inactivity.

AND WE ARE STILL CONVINCED THAT HITLER'S PERSONAL PRESTIGE IS DECLINING.

This article is written at a moment when the immediate development of the European conflict could not be less predictable.

Russia's barbarous attack upon Finland has horrified the world, and if several small neutral countries were shortly to be involved in war JOHN BULL would not be altogether surprised.

But Hitler, and not Stalin, still remains the main obstacle to a just and enduring peace. His overthrow is the essential preliminary to the rebuilding of a new Europe.

IT IS PLAIN THAT THE FUEHRER IS NO LONGER THE ABSOLUTE MASTER OF GERMANY.

HIS ARMY COMMANDERS DO NOT ACCEPT HIS ORDERS WITHOUT QUESTION. HITLER MEANT TO INVADE HOLLAND. THE ARMY

Without
Fear or
Favour
by the
Editor



Short Story by WILL SCOTT

He started
one of his
funniest
stories...

LIGHT and SHADE

TO look at him you'd have said that Bumble was the chairman of a board of murderers, or perhaps the moving spirit in a team of professional poisoners. Those queer, deep-set eyes and that vulture-like nose were such things as come out of nightmares.

But (as is so often the case) Bumble was one of the meekest men on earth. Otherwise he'd have rid himself of S-s-smith at the very beginning.

A family man, Bumble, and the fond father of two bouncing boys. He had never in all his life said a word to a goose, not even "Boo!" He hated hurt-

ing people's feelings. He tried to see the best side of everybody.

Yes, it is often the case. Pick out some timid-looking little chap who gives the impression that he only drinks milk when it's watered and the chances are you've selected a desperado who wants to set the world on fire. Starting now.

It isn't the label on the bottle. It's the beer, as you might say.

And Bumble was a pint of mild. A sterner man would have said to S-s-smith in the first five minutes, "Go away—a long way—and stay away."

But since S-s-smith so plainly meant well, Bumble just didn't like. He endured it.

It was the black-out started it. Bumble, on his way home, turning the corner by the pub, ran into somebody. Walked into somebody. I should say; but the effect was the same.

"I was a terrible crash!" "I'm awfully sorry," said Bumble, groping about in the darkness for his hat.

"M-m-m-my fault," said a voice. "Any damage?" Bumble asked. "N-n-n-n-n-no," said the voice. "I'm most terribly sorry," Bumble repeated.

"That's all r-r-r-right," the voice assured him. "Ought not to have b-b-b-been there. I was p-p-p-posting a letter in the p-p-p-pillar-box in the p-p-p-pub wall."

Having said which, he fell into step at Bumble's side, and Bumble discovered that they were walking up the hill together.

"B-b-b-beastly black-out," said the voice. "C-c-c-can't see a thing."

"No," said Bumble.

They agreed that it was a mess of a war. They agreed that everything was as depressing as it could be. The voice remarked on the great d-d-d-difference the war had made to the t-t-t-town.

AS to that, Bumble couldn't say. He explained that he worked in a big Government department which had been evacuated down here to the seaside for the duration. He'd only been here two days. He knew nothing about the town.

"Your name's not Relph?" asked the voice, for some reason.

"No," said Bumble. "It's Bumble."

"B-b-b-bumble?" said the voice. "I s-s-s-see. My name's S-s-s-smith."

They reached the top of the hill and continued down the promenade. The night was black as the pit. They passed nobody else on the long sea front, heard no other voices. It might have been the night after history.

S-s-smith had plenty to say. And he said it.

He had b-b-b-been in the t-t-t-town for t-t-t-ten years. Tired of London and c-c-c-city life he was. Give him the sea-side every t-t-t-time.

He ran an est-t-t-tate agency not far from where Bumble was working.

"Of c-c-c-course there's not the b-b-b-business since the war b-b-b-broke out," he said.

Bumble wanted to say "R-r-r-really?" and pulled himself up only just in time.

Privately he decided that a little of this would go a long way. S-s-smith ought to realise that he had been meant by Nature to be one of the listeners. But unfortunately he didn't. He talked all the time. If he asked a question he never waited for the answer. On he went. And on.

Bumble wished that by a miracle somebody he knew would turn up and rescue him, but not another soul came out of the black night.

They passed the pier, the bandstand, the clock tower. They approached the far end of the promenade. S-s-smith went on talking.

"It's a g-g-g-good thing the promenade's s-s-s-straight. Otherw-w-w-wise one of us might walk into the s-s-s-sea."

If only one, and that one S-s-smith, Bumble thought there might be something in the notion. He turned over in his mind a crazy idea for having the sea front bent when S-s-smith wasn't looking.

They came to the blacked-out Mermaid Inn and stopped. A short hilly street turned up by the side of the Mermaid.

"S-s-s-go up here," said S-s-smith. So did Bumble, but he wasn't going to admit it.

"I go straight on," he said.

"I s-s-s-see," said S-s-smith. "Well, thanks for your c-c-c-company. Good-n-n-night."

Bumble escaped, went straight on, took the next on the right past the Mermaid and crept through the back streets of the town to his lodgings.

"You look tired, Mr. Bumble," said his landlady. "It's the strain of the war, I suppose."

"I don't know about the war," replied Bumble, "but the strain's been terrible!" He went upstairs to his room, got a book and tried to forget about it.

* * *

But the next night, turning the corner by the pub on his way home from the office, he was startled, as he would have put it, almost out of his skin by the voice of S-s-smith greeting him out of the blackness.

"Hel-l-l-lo!" "Oh!" gasped Bumble. "Good evening."

"I heard you c-c-c-coming," said S-s-smith. "I recognesed your foot-steps after last night. F-f-f-funny, you know, but since this b-b-b-black-out you find yourself getting used to s-s-s-spotting s-s-s-sounds."

Again he fell into step alongside Bumble as they climbed the hill, and Bumble's spirits fell to zero.

A mighty affair! That's what S-s-smith was planning to make it, beyond a doubt. He had waited for him!

BUMBLE wanted to be firm, but he had never been firm in all his life.

You can't be soft-hearted and firm. Bumble remembered all the firm men he had seen in plays and films, and wondered how it was done.

"I heard," said S-s-smith, "a f-f-f-frighfully f-f-f-funny story to-day. I'll t-t-t-tell you."

And he t-t-t-told him. It lasted, at S-s-smith's rate of progress, as far as the pier, and it made Bumble feel like suicide. Only he didn't dare say so.

He tried, just to stop S-s-smith talking, to tell a funny story of his own, but he didn't succeed in getting farther than the second word. S-s-smith worked his way in with another funny story, which lasted them as far as the clock tower. Following it up with a third, which brought them as far as the Mermaid Inn. There they stopped.

"A g-g-g-good l-l-l-laugh does you s-s-s-good," said S-s-smith.

And Bumble wanted to say "Yes, d-d-d-doesn't it?" That and other

(Continued on page 24)

"It hurts when I swallow, Mummy"



The beginning of something else?

Children can never escape all contact with infection and it is wisest to be on the safe side.

Let them gargle regularly with 'Dettolin'. It protects the throat and mouth, where infection so often begins. 'Dettolin' is a powerful germ-killer containing the active germicidal principle of 'Dettol' antiseptic. It is blended specifically to suit the delicate tissues of the throat. Children enjoy using it; it is so pleasant and refreshing.

If 'Dettolin' does not bring quick relief—consult your doctor.

DETTOLIN
GARGLE
9d & 1/6 5 MOUTHWASH

BECKITT AND SONS, HULL AND LONDON
(PHARMACEUTICAL DEPT., HULL).



**The winning Smile
—the Odol Smile**

Worrying never was worth while—so let's all smile the Odol Smile!

You can afford to smile if you use Odol because you know that your parted lips reveal pearly teeth. What's more you know that the health and beauty of those teeth is protected by Odol's wonderfully smooth, non-scratch cleaning action.

Odol gives your teeth the lustre of pearls without a trace of damage.

Be sure your tooth-paste is safe. Best of all change now to Odol and take no chances.

Get it at any chemist or stores 6d. and 1/- per tube.

Odol

If you prefer Solid Dentifrice, try Odol Dentifrice, 6d. a large size tin.

Christopher Stone plays CONSEQUENCES

— and the world said..



WE all know that good old Christmas Party game "Consequences," with its intriguing climax "And the World Said." Well, that's what everybody wants to know today — What the World really is saying!

If you want every country's news reliably (even if the news isn't always so reliable!) I suggest the Bush Model P.B.63.

The range of this set is all you could possibly desire — by Bush-button and manual tuning it gives you a ring-side seat at World Events. And when you want music, how you'll appreciate the tone quality which is so much a feature of the P.B.63.

I advise you to see and hear it at your Bush dealer's tonight. "The Consequences Are" — most probably — that you will buy it.

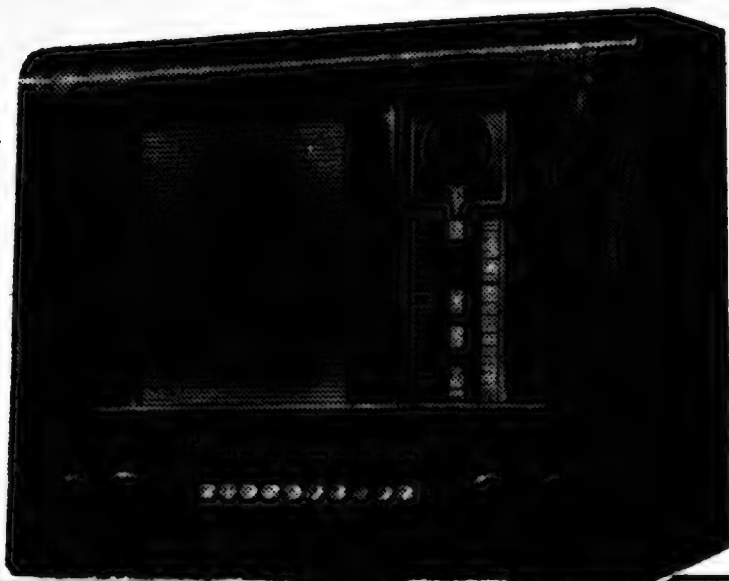
Bush *from 8½ gns.* BUTTON RADIO

ALL-WAVE MODEL P.B.63 with TRIODE output 6-valve (inc. rect.) seven-stage A.C. superhet. 10 Bush Buttons — 6 stations (2 long and 4 medium), 3 waveband-selectors and gram. button. 'Teleflic' shortwave logging device. **12½ gns.** Variable selectivity.

CONSOLE MODEL S.U.6.64 (with the same chassis as Model P.B.63) - - **15 gns.**

Bush
Appointed
Dealers
THE SYMBOL OF
BUSH
RELIABLE RADIO
display
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MODEL
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BUSH RADIO LTD., POWER ROAD, CHISWICK, W.4.
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*There's a tip-top
reason why..*

Manikins are best

MANIKIN Cigars are rolled from the delicate tip leaves of tobacco—too small for bigger cigars yet actually the sweetest of all. That's why Manikins are always so mild and soothing.

5 for 1/-

METAL POCKET CASE - 15 for 3/-

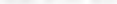


DUTY FREE

You can send 60 Manikins to the boys in France for 7/6. Ask your tobacconist for details.

MILD HAVANA FLAVOUR

MADE BY J. R. FREEMAN & SON, LTD. • ESTABLISHED 1839



DON'T PUT UP WITH KITCHEN SOAP!

you can still get
EVE

TOILET SOAP

FOR ONLY

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A REAL TOILET SOAP
HANDY SIZE
FRAGRANT & REFRESHING

Wherever you are, whatever you're doing, whether it's National Service or carrying on with your job, you still have to take care of your looks. And if you make do with things like kitchen soap, then your skin will suffer, because such soaps are not made for anything as delicate as a woman's skin.

And why use makeshifts when you can still get Eve Toilet Soap? Eve is made to keep your skin soft and smooth. And, what's more, it *still* costs only 2d for a fragrant white tablet. It's a handy size too, so wherever you are you can keep a tablet by you.



EVE 114-172-88

JOSEPH WATSON & SONS LTD., LEEDS

COULD YOUR TEETH FACE THE CAMERA?

Could your teeth stand a "close-up"? How particular Film Stars must be in choosing their dentifrice! The camera seems to focus on their teeth. Many have discovered the marvellous efficacy of a toothpaste containing 'Milk of Magnesia' brand antacid for imparting to tooth enamel that dazzling whiteness which you would like your own teeth to possess. Phillips' Dental Magnesia containing 75% 'Milk of Magnesia' instantly neutralizes harmful mouth acids, thus abolishing the chief cause of unsightly yellowness, ugly tartar and decay. You have only to try Phillips' Dental Magnesia to realize why it is the only toothpaste for thousands to whom immaculate white teeth are a precious asset. Get a tube to-day! 6d., 10d. and 1/6. Sold everywhere. 'Milk of Magnesia' is the trademark of Phillips' preparation of Magnesia.

PARCELS TO THE FORCES.

Include a tube of Phillips' Dental Magnesia in your next parcel for 'him' or 'her.' You will be sure to please by this thoughtfulness.

Enjoy your relaxation with
MANIKIN CIGARS. See p. 23.

AVOID
chapped hands
AND
rough skin
BY USING
**Snowfire
Tablet**

3d. 6d. 1s. 2s. 3s. 4s. 5s. 6s. 7s. 8s. 9s. 10s. 11s. 12s. 13s. 14s. 15s. 16s. 17s. 18s. 19s. 20s. 21s. 22s. 23s. 24s. 25s. 26s. 27s. 28s. 29s. 30s. 31s. 32s. 33s. 34s. 35s. 36s. 37s. 38s. 39s. 40s. 41s. 42s. 43s. 44s. 45s. 46s. 47s. 48s. 49s. 50s. 51s. 52s. 53s. 54s. 55s. 56s. 57s. 58s. 59s. 60s. 61s. 62s. 63s. 64s. 65s. 66s. 67s. 68s. 69s. 70s. 71s. 72s. 73s. 74s. 75s. 76s. 77s. 78s. 79s. 80s. 81s. 82s. 83s. 84s. 85s. 86s. 87s. 88s. 89s. 90s. 91s. 92s. 93s. 94s. 95s. 96s. 97s. 98s. 99s. 100s. 101s. 102s. 103s. 104s. 105s. 106s. 107s. 108s. 109s. 110s. 111s. 112s. 113s. 114s. 115s. 116s. 117s. 118s. 119s. 120s. 121s. 122s. 123s. 124s. 125s. 126s. 127s. 128s. 129s. 130s. 131s. 132s. 133s. 134s. 135s. 136s. 137s. 138s. 139s. 140s. 141s. 142s. 143s. 144s. 145s. 146s. 147s. 148s. 149s. 150s. 151s. 152s. 153s. 154s. 155s. 156s. 157s. 158s. 159s. 160s. 161s. 162s. 163s. 164s. 165s. 166s. 167s. 168s. 169s. 170s. 171s. 172s. 173s. 174s. 175s. 176s. 177s. 178s. 179s. 180s. 181s. 182s. 183s. 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Her Son is a BULLY

"AS soon as my husband went away to join his regiment, my son started knocking me about."

And so a mother reveals how her son, revelling in the absence of his father, has started bullying the household. The mother appeals for my help.

What can she do with this fourteen-year-old brute, who weighs more than 9 st., stands 5 ft. 10 in.?

"And he has the strength of a lion," says his mother, not without pride.

"He started his capers in the early days of war, and has even knocked me down."

"He thumped me twice yesterday, and threw a bicycle pump at me. He thinks nothing of me. When I hit him, he merely laughs."

"I have told his father in letters, but threats of what action will be taken when my husband comes home on leave have no effect on him."

"The other boys are the essence of kindness, but this child has always been ill-tempered."

"I have often gone without things to humour him. He has a good home, plenty to eat, good clothes. Yet he is such a bully, I dread him coming home."

I HAVE read the masterly letter written by the boy's father, warning his son that if he did not treat his mother with all due respect he would apply for special leave to administer the necessary punishment. The boy refused to read the letter.

In theory I would send this boy to a clinic where psychologists could attempt to discover the cause of his behaviour. There must be a reason for his temper and for this streak of cruelty. Once discovered, there would be a chance of curing him.

In practice, I should give him a thrashing and pack him off to a Detention Home where he would be kept under strict discipline.

This will be considered old-fashioned and unscientific as a method of treating delinquency, but it is the only argument that the boy will understand. It is useless to reason with a lad with the instincts of a member of the Gestapo.

The lad enjoys inflicting pain, and the mother, already worried by the absence of her husband, ought not to be living in constant dread. For her sake, the boy should be removed from the house at once.

More complicated is the problem of a father whose three-year-old daughter is crazy with jealousy.

"I am the father of three children," he says. "There are a boy of four and a half, the girl of three and her eighteen-months-old sister."

"As a baby, the three-year-old girl was absolutely no trouble. Always healthy, happy, patient, she was almost the perfect child."

"Trouble started at eighteen months. Her health caused trouble. She suggested that the new baby should be given away!"

"Her dislike of the new arrival seemed to twist her nature. She became stubborn, selfish, cunning, with the vanity of a peacock and a passion for dress."

"If visitors are expected she won't leave the house. If she goes out to play she returns on the slightest excuse in case she may be missing something."

"At no time was she neglected or passed over. Thrashing and kindness have both failed. She gets worse every day."

THIS girl obviously feels that she has been ousted by the baby. She wants to be the centre of interest, and will do anything to regain the leading role. This infantile jealousy is extremely common. Its effects may last for years.

I know a little girl who is jealous because everybody admires her young brother and omits to notice her. The boy has curly golden hair which always attracts attention. Imagine the mother's horror on finding the girl busy with scissors removing the golden locks with a look of grim satisfaction.

There are plenty of ways of attracting attention—being "naughty," shamming illness, dressing up, fits of temper, hurting yourself, sulking. Such actions are all evidence of revolt against new environment.

It is necessary to be careful with any child that has to take the second place. And the only way to avoid ill-feeling is making the older child conscious of greater importance.

He is now really a "big boy" and must collaborate with mother and father in helping to care for baby. He will then become a sort of protector with responsi-

"I have gone without things to humour him, yet he is such a bully that I dread him coming home. He has a good home, plenty to eat and good clothes"

billies. He joins in the adult game and develops a grown-up feeling.

From naughty children let us turn to the little fellow who has recently found a "daddy" and will not be cheated.

"I am troubled by a boy of five, now billeted with my family," writes a man from a Safety Area. "The child lost his father when he was four months old, and he will keep calling me 'Daddy.'"

"We have a boy of our own who has told the visitor time and again that I am not his daddy, but the lad still insists and gets awfully upset."

"He runs to me with tears in his eyes, saying: 'You are my real daddy, aren't you, Dad?'"

"We are told the war may last for years. If so, this lad will still be in our charge. Do you think I ought to make him understand that I am not his dad and make him unhappy?"

"The boy has so taken to me that even when his mother comes to see him she has to take a second place. He says he will never leave me again!"

I should allow the boy to have his wish. Ever since he can remember all the other little boys have had daddies. He has had none. He has been deprived, and is less fortunate than his young friends.

And now, unexpectedly, a daddy has appeared in his life. Why should he be deprived a second time, especially as the other little boy in the house has a right denied to himself? To a child it is monstrously unfair. He will feel like the ugly duckling of the brood.

Once again I am faced with the problem of the mother whose children have been sent away "for the duration," and is bemoaning their absence.

"MY mother has now asked me not to visit them because my last visit upset them for several days."

"I know they are well cared for, but what can I do? God alone knows how unhappy I am at the separation. I can see no way to alter it."

Thousands of mothers have to face this problem. It is a pity that this

Here's Your Chance

SPECIAL arrangements have been made to ensure that all applications for JOHN BULL's Great Christmas Gift received by the first post on December 21 will be despatched before Christmas. But as there has been a record demand this year for these All-British writing sets you are advised to apply at once to avoid being disappointed. Free gift vouchers and details of these writing sets appear on page 4.

Why the anaemic are breathless

YOU know, of course, that sufferers from anaemia, when it is due to loss of blood, or illness, are always ordered to take iron. But have you ever wondered just what iron does and why doctors are so anxious for you to have it?

Call to mind the most common signs of anaemia: You are pale. You are tired and depressed. You find it exhausting to walk upstairs. You are breathless—you cannot run for a bus without distress. You literally "gas for air"—that is, for oxygen. In other words, you are not getting enough oxygen because your blood is deficient in iron. It is the iron in your blood—and only the iron—which has the power of taking up the oxygen from the air you breathe and carrying it to your body tissues. Therefore no matter how much oxygen you breathe in, if your blood is deficient in iron you remain tired, weak and lifeless.

Where does the iron in your blood come from? From the foods and fluids you take. But when you are anaemic you need much more iron than you can get in this way.

To remedy this state of affairs, doctors advise Keystone Burgundy with meals. This is because this excellent beverage wine is unusually rich in natural organic iron—the kind of iron that your body uses so easily. The iron in Keystone cannot cause headaches, constipation, indigestion and other ill-effects often caused by taking extra iron in the form of "iron medicine."

Besides, Keystone Burgundy is a grand spur to your appetite. It helps digestion and thus enables you to get more nourishment from your food. Start taking Keystone with your meal to-day.

All wine merchants and licensed grocers sell Keystone Burgundy in large flagons 3s. 6d., half-flagons 2s. 6d. (3d. extra deposit, returnable, on both sizes). Stephen Smith & Co. Ltd., Bow, London, E.3. (65)

MOTHER...

Stop that cold before it takes hold!



The cold that hangs on must not be neglected—it may lead to asthma, chronic catarrh, head noises, deafness, bronchitis, sinus troubles—and worse. So check and smash that cold AT ONCE with POTTER'S CATARRH PASTILLES.

These powerfully antiseptic Pastilles nip the cold in the bud, dissipate catarrh, soothe inflamed passages, fill the lungs with healing antiseptic vapours—and soon the system is throwing off the cold.

Thousands go free every winter by keeping a tin of these wonderfully effective and quickly-acting Pastilles. The conveniently sized tin handy (suitable for pocket and handbag) as a protection when travelling, when in crowded places where infection is rife. 1/3d. any chemist, or 1/4d. post free from sole makers:

POTTER & CLARKE, LTD.
60, Abchurch Lane, London, E.C.4.
(Makers of Potter's Asthma Cure)

POTTER'S
CATARRH PASTILLES

Overheard in the typist's room



Men hate waiting while a girl 'makes up'. But they hate a shiny nose still more. The solution? Snowfire Powder-Cream! Put on in a few seconds it lasts for hours. This fragrant powder-cream cannot clog the tiniest pores. It gives your skin an enchanting bloom that neither warmth nor wind can spoil. In Naturelle, Peach, Rachele, Deep Rachele and Ivory shades.

Snowfire POWDER-CREAM

"Snowfire sets hearts afire"

Handing Containers 3" Jars or Tubes 6"



IT'S THE FRUIT IN ME THAT MAKES CHILDREN ENJOY WAR'FARE'



SAYS *Master Okay*
— the Saucy Boy.

I've got Lemons, Oranges, Mangoes, Raisins, Dates, Tomatoes, and a host of delicious ingredients to give me that scrumptious fruity flavour that children love. A little O.K. sauce makes children relish any cold meat, fish or stews you put before them.

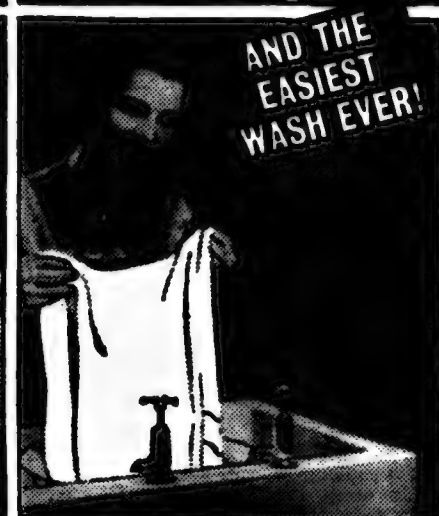
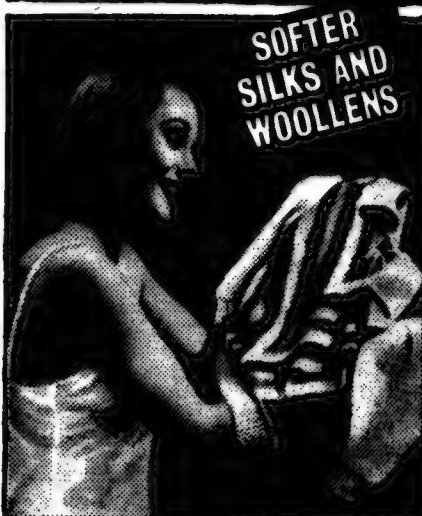
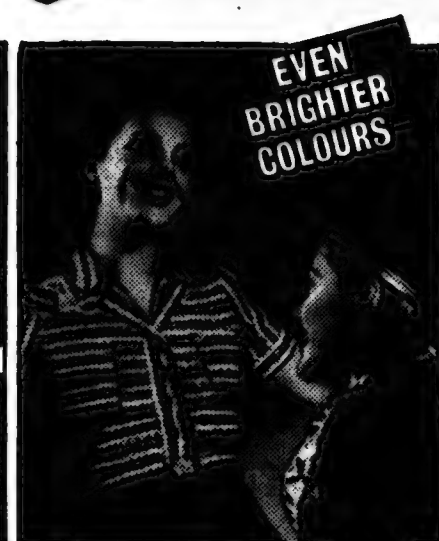
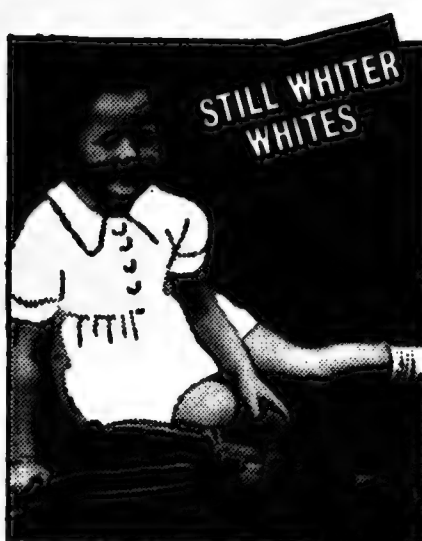
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OK**
THE SAUCE THAT DOES YOU GOOD

TRY IT AND SEE . . .

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ALREADY TESTED
IN 14,000 HOMES

Two years' intensive research work . . . actual tests in the home by 14,000 women . . . all this was done before the wonderful new Persil was launched. Because it gives you a whiter whiteness, gayer colours, fleecier woollies—gives these grand results in an easier, quicker way—the arrival of the new Persil is all the more timely.

Whatever your washing method—boil, soak, or non-boil—the new Persil, with its wonderful oxygen action, gives even better results. Whether it's whites, coloureds, or softest woollens the new Persil will give you the safest, most satisfying wash you've ever had. Do try it!

AND 3 BIG EXTRA ADVANTAGES

NO MIXING—easier wash

Easier and quicker too, for now you just shake the Persil on the water and swish it in with the hand. Use enough to give you the deep, foamy Persil lather.

EXTRA LATHER—for fine wash

A really good lather that gently works through everything, so that a squeeze or two brings the dirt sliding right out.

PREVENTS SCUM—easier rinsing

Even in hard water you'll have no trouble with scum when you're using new Persil. So you'll know that rinsing is easy now—and perfect, too. Whites are whiter than ever!

THE *New* PERSIL—BUT THE OLD PRICE 3½d & 6d

PER 754-66-60

LADY IN BUS GIVES ADVICE TO 50-YEAR sufferer from BRONCHIAL COUGH

Mrs. B. C.
of London
S.W.6,
writes:

FAMEL
relieved her for
the first time

"I find that Famel Syrup is the best remedy I have ever tried. I have been a sufferer of a Bronchitis cough for over 50 years, attending Hospital and never been relieved of the cough until I tried your wonderful Syrup, which I was recommended by a lady in a 'bus.'"

... and here's what a mother of a 6½-year-old child writes:

"My daughter, aged 6½ years, had pneumonia a year and nine months ago, and since then has suffered a great deal from catarrh and as a consequence catches cold very easily. She is now suffering from one which has also a troublesome cough, specially at night. We have given her a half teaspoonful of Famel morning and evening during the last three days, and it seems to have broken up her catarrh and her cough is a good deal better."

Mrs. W. H., Brighton.

Famel's wonderful curative powers know no age limits. Young children with "just a touch of a throat" benefit equally with elderly people who have suffered all their lives from chronic coughs.

If you have a cough—don't hesitate. Get a bottle of Famel now. You will find relief from the first dose, as Famel's wonder ingredient—soluble lactocroscote—commences its beneficent work. This substance—one of the most powerful cough germicides in existence—gets right into the bloodstream and instantly destroys the dangerous germs that thrive there. Then the soothing balsams ease the inflamed membranes, while the restorative ingredients help to rebuild your system and restore your powers of resistance.

Famel Syrup costs 1/6 and 3/- a bottle. All chemists sell it.

FAMEL

(BRAND) SYRUP

Conquers Coughs

Optrex Ltd., Wadsworth Rd., Farnham, Middx.



Reader's War Time Story by S. H. Hawkins,

of Scotland
Road,
Liverpool

He dipped into his memory to tell me of another such night when the star-shells were helping gunners in their murderous work of picking off the men of a raiding party

The Man I Never Saw

was just getting to his feet, but I managed to pull him down before the machine-guns started.

"The other fellows weren't so lucky. They were creeping over the edge of a shell-hole when another star-shell burst, shedding its deadly light on us. That gave the show away completely. For the next few minutes it seemed as if hell had been let loose. Bullets filled the air and plunked into the mud.

"I dare not raise my head out of the slime, though I was nearly choking. The young lieutenant was in the same hopeless position, but I knew he was all right because he was holding my arm in the tightest grip I have ever felt.

"At last Jerry gave it a rest. We started crawling on again, heading for the second ridge of shell-holes.

"Up went another star-shell, and the machine-guns started again.

"There we were, the lieutenant and I, crawling towards the shell-holes, and wondering which of the whistling bullets would be carrying names.

"We made the first hole, a shallow saucer about fifty yards from the enemy.

"Jerry seemed to have a pretty good idea where we were. He plastered the place with lead, but there was just enough protection, until another machine-gun, over on the left, started to chatter.

"THE edge of the hole had crumbled away on that side and it would be a matter of minutes only before the bullets found us.

"Wait for them to change the belt, then jump for it," I whispered to the lieutenant. He nodded.

"A second later, the fire faltered. He was on his feet in a flash.

"Lie down!" I shouted, forgetting all caution. "That's not it. Look out!"

"A bursting star-shell revealed him, crouching like a runner on the mark, his body silhouetted in that blistering light.

"What happened after that is just a vague nightmare. Something hit me in the side like a ton weight.

"I came to choking and coughing. Jerry was putting over gas. I just had enough strength to get my mask out and put it on. Then I lay back, waiting to die.

"Every now and then Verey lights would go up, and I could just see the edge of the shell-hole with the gas eddying round it like wisps of mist.

"My brain began to whirl in delirium. Then suddenly a figure sprang into the shell-hole. I thought it was a devil

from hell, but I wish there were more devils like that British Tommy in his gas-mask.

"He humped me on his shoulder and carried me back to our trenches through mud and fire. I was unconscious all the way. In fact, I didn't wake up until I was in the base hospital.

"The doctor said that if I had been in that shell-hole another hour I should have been a goner. But he could not tell me the name of the man who saved my life.

"He had carried me into a dressing station, still in my gas-mask, and then gone back on duty.

"Funny that, don't you think?

"One man saves another's life, yet neither knows what the other even looks like."

The train was slowing, pulling into my station.

"Well," I said to the man I could not see, "I've got to be going. Glad to have met you, even in the darkness."

"Rather like the end of your story, isn't it? If we met again we would not be able to recognise each other, would we?"

"Well, I might be able to recognise the man who saved me," he said. "You see there was one thing about him I do remember."

"As he picked me up, I saw that he had been shot through the back of his right hand."

I was already on the platform, and I caught the words as a porter slammed shut the compartment door. The train was already beginning to move away.

In the light of a shaded blue lamp near the waiting-room I looked down at the hand that held my bag, my right hand.

The puckered scar stood out sharp and livid. I got it twenty-three years ago, one night in No-Man's-Land.

Already this war has brought adventure to those who had hitherto led the most prosaic lives. JOHN BULL, eager to reveal the true war time adventures, offers five guineas for every reader's story published. Told in a thousand words, the story must be real experience—and it must be about this war.

THE compartment was in darkness except for the brittle glow of a tiny blue lamp. My fellow-passenger was lost in the shadows, a silhouette of a man with a voice that never ceased. And as the train raced northwards he dipped into his memory of war to tell me of such another night, with a star-flecked sky, threatening clouds.

"We were preparing for the Somme push, and our crowd were up above Albert," he said reminiscently. "Brass-Hats wanted prisoners for questioning, and raiding parties were going out all the time.

"Well, as a sergeant I had somehow earned a reputation for being pretty useful at that kind of work. That was why I was detailed to show round a young lieutenant on his first raid.

"I wasn't much older than he was, yet I had been out since 1914, and was considered an old-timer. Before we collected the men, I managed to get him alone in an angle of the trench and talked to him like a Dutch uncle.

"He was a good kid and didn't get high and mighty. 'Thank you, sergeant,' he said, 'I'll remember your advice, especially that bit about waiting for them to change the machine-gun belt before I start jumping for a new hole. Let's get the men together.'"

"WE got the men together, half a dozen of them, and over the top we went into the darkness of No-Man's-Land. The first twenty yards were easy going. The ground was riddled with shell-holes and there was plenty of cover, but after that came a stretch of mud that hadn't been touched. As we got to the edge of it, the first star-shell burst. The young lieutenant

Race with "Silver Ring"

12 to Follow

THE customary racing lull has to be endured from the Gatwick and Plumpton fixtures, this week-end until Boxing Day. So it behoves us to do a little stocktaking.

Sport so far has come up to expectations, and with trainers concentrating on bringing their charges to concert pitch, the time seems opportune to grant the requests of those readers who wanted a list of a dozen to follow.

These are my choices, and with normal fortune I feel convinced that profit is likely to accrue if a level stake is invested and adhered to:

Brave Mic.	Hobgoblin.
Brian Boru.	Morse Code.
Brigadore.	Procris.
Broken Promise.	Short Shrift.
Chesterton.	Tanya's Knight.
Fatal Interview.	Up Sabre.

"SILVER RING'S" CODE

The Code covers racing from Thursday, December 14, to Wednesday, December 20. B A K K U Z R 98 N 95 G E D V H J

I 95 S O Y 97 L W T P 94 M P Q C 93 In place of the letters or figures advertised in the Sporting Life and Daily Herald, read those above or below, as the case may be. Example: K959806BKC would read SAWFISH.

Where a double letter occurs in a name the figure 2 is substituted. NCSH2ET would read TALLIN.

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LEND TO DEFEND THE RIGHT TO BE FREE

"We are fighting in defence of freedom; we are fighting for peace; we are meeting a challenge to our own security and that of others; we are defending the rights of all nations to live their own lives." LORD HALIFAX

Your Savings mean Victory

SAVE AS MUCH AS YOU CAN AND LEND
TO THE COUNTRY BY INVESTING IN

[1]

3 PER CENT DEFENCE BONDS

(Post Office and Trustee Savings Banks Issue)
A NEW INVESTMENT

On sale in denominations of £5 and multiples of £5. The Bonds bear interest at the rate of 3 per cent per annum: Income Tax is not deducted at the source. They are repayable 7 years from date of purchase at par plus a premium of £1 for each £100 nominal value with interest accrued since the last half year's payment.

Holders can claim on six months' notice repayment at par with interest due to date. In case of urgent need repayment can be arranged on special terms within a few days. Individual holdings are limited to £1,000. On sale at Post Offices and Banks.

[2]

NEW ISSUE OF NATIONAL SAVINGS CERTIFICATES

Free of Income Tax

A Certificate costs 15/- and grows in value to 17/6 in 5 years and 20/6 in 10 years. This is equal to interest at the rate of £3.3.5 per cent per annum over the whole 10 year period. Interest is free of Income Tax. The new Certificates are on sale at Post Offices, Banks and from National Savings Groups in single documents representing 1, 5, 10, 25, 50 and 100 Certificates. No individual may hold more than 500 Certificates including those of earlier issues. Certificates can be cashed at any time on a few days' notice with interest accrued.

MAKE THE NATION'S WAR SAVINGS CAMPAIGN A DECISIVE SUCCESS

Go to any Bank or Post Office and Invest your Savings To-day

ISSUED BY THE NATIONAL SAVINGS COMMITTEE



A good face needs no bush!

And a good tobacco needs no artificial flavouring.

That's why I stick to Four Square—it's a naturally matured tobacco, much too good to need any 'disguise'. Eight fine blends to choose from, all packed in vacuum tins that keep the tobacco as fresh as a snowdrop. So if anyone wants to know what I'd like for Christmas



FOUR SQUARE

FOR 'MIXTURE' SMOKERS

Mixture (Green) 1/1½d oz
Curlies (Purple) 1/1½d oz
Mixture—Original (Blue) 1/5½d oz
" —Medium Light (Blue) 1/5½d oz

FOR 'VIRGINIA' SMOKERS

Cut Cake (Yellow) 1/2d oz
Ripe Brown (Brown) 1/2d oz
Matured Virginia—Original (Red) 1/6d oz
" Virginia-Ready-Rubbed (Red) 1/6d oz

FOUR SQUARE VIRGINIA CIGARETTES: Standard size: plain or cork tipped: 20 for 1/2d
Large size: 20 for 1/4d

8 TOBACCOS FROM 1/1½—NO ARTIFICIAL FLAVOURING

George Dobie & Son, Ltd. (Manufacturers of Quality Tobaccos since 1809), Paisley, Scotland

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THE
BRITISH
WAY OF
ENJOYING
THE
BLACKOUT
NIGHTS



Ask your dealer for a catalogue of Meccano Products, or write for a copy to Dept. 37, Meccano Ltd., Birns Road, Liverpool 13.

GIANTS OF THE RING—By A. W. HELLIWELL

The Boston Tar-baby

SMILING Sam Langford, with the inevitable long black cigar between his white teeth, earned an honoured niche in the Temple of Sport.

His astonishing physique alone was enough to make him remembered. Picture, if you can, a perpetually grinning, blubber-lipped flat-nosed negro who appeared almost as broad as he was tall when he stripped.

Squat and black as a moonless midnight, with tremendous shoulders and gorilla-like arms so grotesquely long that his hands hung in the region of his knees. That was Sam.

A startling figure to encounter in the ring. A startling figure to encounter outside the ring. His sartorial fancies ran to checks of astonishing colour and design, tan bowlers that he wore tilted on his bullet head, and large and glittering diamond stick-pins.

The Ring has had more than its quota of colourful figures, dandies, fistic freaks, playboys and eccentrics, but there never has been a match for Smiling Sam Langford, the coal-black Boston Tar-baby

He always chain-smoked long black cigars, and he would tell you with an expansive and dazzling smile they were the same as his "Mammy" favoured. He smoked in his dressing-room before he went into the ring, and the first thing he did after a fight was to put a match to one of those powerful and evil-smelling cigars.

It was a miracle that this habit did not ruin Langford's wind and stamina. Yet in spite of it and his laziness in training, he still remained one of the toughest, fastest and hardest-hitting fighters of his day.

The Boston Tar-baby was the only man whom Jack Johnson side-stepped. Having once fought a close and anxious fifteen rounds with Langford, the champion resolutely refused to meet him again.

"That little smoke has a chance against anyone in the world," he used to say.

In spite of his flashy taste in clothes and jewellery, Sam remained a modest, unspooled negro at heart, and always declared that Johnson could lick anyone in the world.

Langford's first appearance in an English ring was against "Tiger" Smith, hammer-fisted, fiercely moustached Welsh southpaw.

No one in England had heard of the Boston Tar-baby, and when he ducked under the ropes in a gorgeous dressing-gown he looked easy meat for the big, tough Welshman. Sam was shorter than many a flyweight, and he never scaled more than 12 st.

But the Tar-baby was used to fighting men towering six inches above him, and giving away two or three stone in weight. He stepped from his corner still smiling, knowing well the power in his gigantic arms and shoulders.

HE made short work of the Welsh "Tiger," waiting only until his manager, Jimmy McQuillan, had placed a few advantageous ringside bets before cutting loose.

For all his squat bulk and top-heavy proportions, Smiling Sam could move with the speed and grace of a panther, and his first real punch, a vicious right hander, laid the Welshman's cheek bare to the bone.

Langford in action was one of the most spectacular fighters. His speed and punching powers were phenomenal, and his swinging attacks lifted the fans from their seats in sheer excitement.

After four rounds, Smith could stand no more, and Sam had established himself as one of the biggest drawing cards in the country.

Throughout his stay he never fought a bad fight, and the public soon learned that they were always sure of value for their money when the Tar-baby was on the bill.

He was so incredibly tough that no one ever succeeded in knocking him unconscious. "Iron" Bill Hague, whose opponents usually dropped as though they had been struck by lightning when he landed his "Sunday" punch, did his best to knock out Langford when they met at the National Sporting Club. He hit Sam so hard on the chin that the



● He hit Sam so hard on the chin that the negro spun a complete cartwheel in mid-air before he hit the floor

negro spun a complete cartwheel in mid-air before he hit the floor.

Hague stepped back confidently anticipating that the fight was over, but Langford picked himself up with a broad grin on his shining ebony face. "That suah was a dandy punch, Mistah Hague," he said in his soft and fascinating Southern drawl.

A FEW minutes later the Englishman was stretched on his back, deaf to the frantic entreaties to "get up and fight" that were being shouted from his corner.

Leaning lazily back against the ropes, Sam slowly shook his head. "Save yo' breath, boys," he drawled. "He won't be getting up just yet. That baby's out!"

Some of Langford's greatest fights were with Sam McVea, the Californian negro. They met so often—seven times in all—that they became known as the Terrible Twins of Boxing.

Big Sam had every physical advantage over Little Sam, but he succeeded only in beating him at Sydney, Australia, in 1911, when he outpointed the Tar-baby over twenty rounds.

It was the first decision Langford had lost since his match with Jack Johnson five years before. In the interval he had been fighting once a month on an average, taking on bigger, taller and heavier men and licking them with ridiculous ease.

Exactly a year later to the very day Little Sam cut the gigantic McVea to ribbons in thirteen terrific rounds.

McVEA also prided himself on being a "Kayo" specialist. He had been out for the full count only three times before—Jack Johnson had been among those responsible—but he could not withstand the whirlwind fury of Langford's non-stop tactics.

When the Tar-baby went weaving into action with his glistening cannonball head held low and his gorilla arms flailing punches from all points of the compass he was about as difficult to stop as a tank.

McVea hit him as hard as he could on the chin with a left hook that had put out some of the best fighters of the day.

(Continued on page 32)

10 YEARS' ECZEMA ENDED IN 10 DAYS BY

Germolene

Brand ASEPTIC OINTMENT

Dear Sirs,
I don't know how to thank you for Germolene. I have had eczema on my right hand for ten years, I could not do my work and had the greatest difficulty in carrying on with my home duties and with my three children. Then one day I read about Germolene in the paper. I decided to try it, and in ten days my eczema was cured. Yours truly, Mrs. L.

Germolene is the World's Quickest Healer for all kinds of
ULCERS ABSCESSSES SORES BOILS BAD LEG ITCH ECZEMA WOUNDS IMPETIGO STRAINS RINGWORM SCALDS CUTS ACNE

Pain is soothed at the first touch—irritation ceases, healing starts instantly. Why should you suffer skin torment and danger? Get a tin of Germolene TO-DAY!

SOLD EVERYWHERE



At Last! An Easy Way to Banish Misery of Catarrh.

No mess, no bother—in ten seconds you can use these new Vick drops and get at the trouble right in the nose, the way doctors do. Simply put a few drops of Vick-Vatronol up each nostril. Feel it spreading through the hidden passages, clearing away clogging mucus, shrinking swollen membranes, draining the sinuses. Your nose is cool and clear. You can breathe again! Tests by doctors show that used at the first sneeze, Vick-Vatronol even prevents many colds.

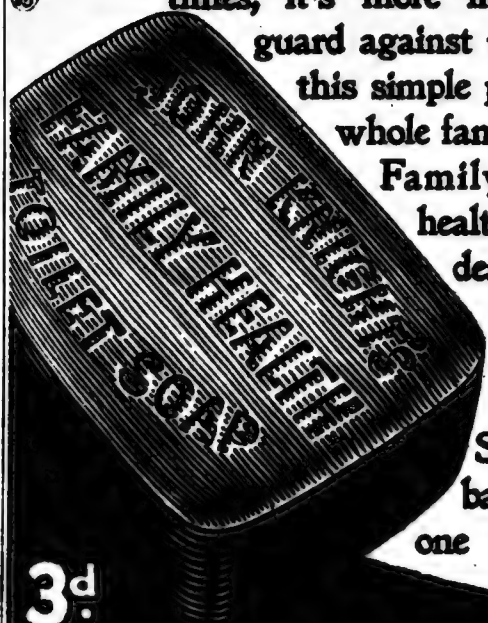
At chemists, 1/6, or send 2d. In stamp for a trial bottle to "Vick," 29, Blackfriars Road, London, S.E.1



COMFORT YOUR THROAT
GO SUCK A ZUBE
In Flat Tins 3" & 6"

Your sure defence against dirt and dirt-bred germs

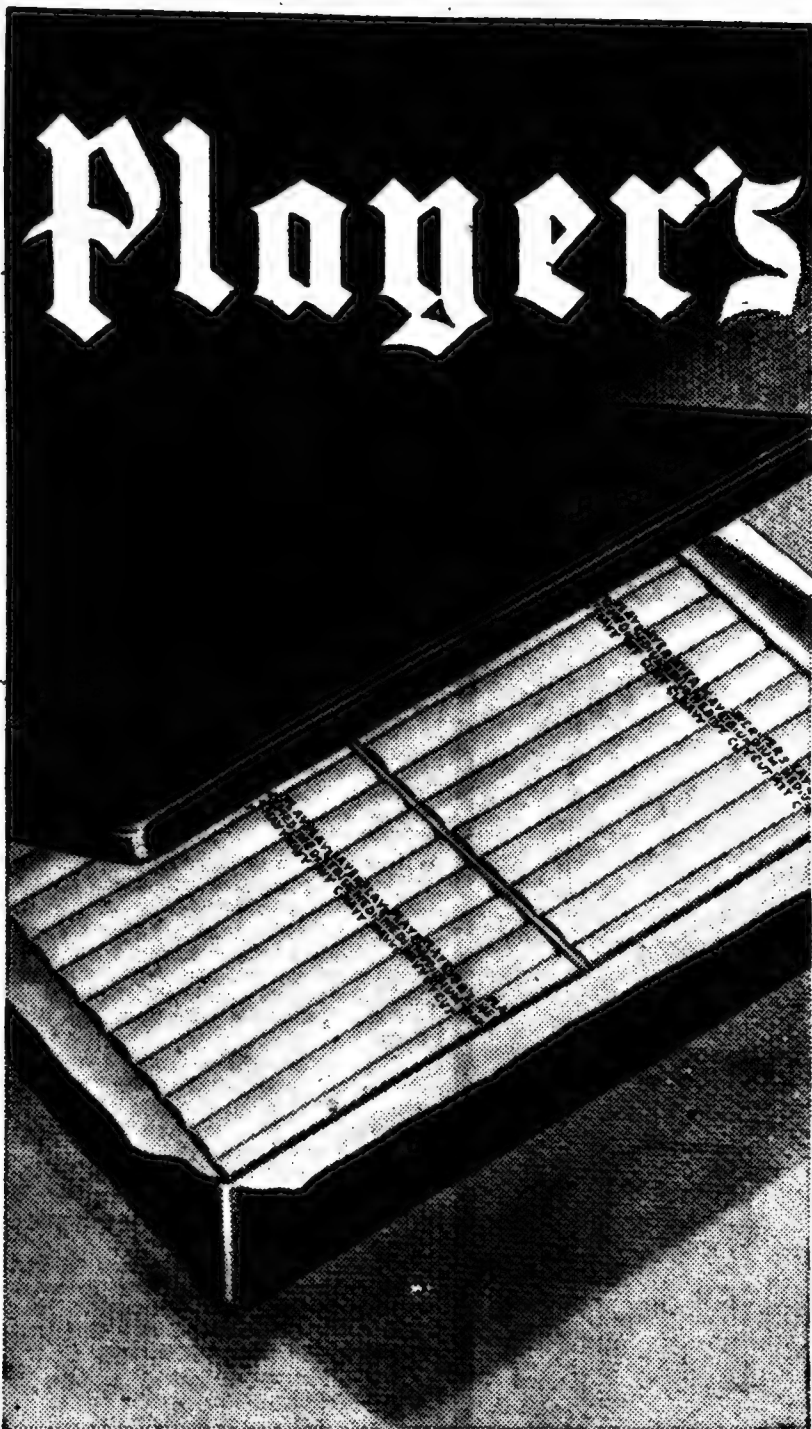
DIRT infection can start so easily—from the smallest cut or scratch. And, in these times, it's more important than ever to guard against unnecessary risks. Take this simple precaution—see that the whole family wash regularly with Family Health Soap. Its healthy, antiseptic lather deals with dirt-bred germs before they get a chance to strike. Put a tablet of Family Health Soap by your wash-basin and encourage everyone to use it frequently!



3d

FAMILY HEALTH
THE SAFETY SOAP

JOHN KNIGHT LTD., LONDON, E.16—SOAP MAKERS SINCE 1838



*A good 'opening'
for all 'parties'*

See the smiles as the parcels of Player's are opened . . . See how cheeriness prevails with Player's around . . . See that your Cigarettes are Player's; their fine flavour, distinctive fragrance and reliable quality make them the best 'opening' for all 'parties' everywhere.

PLAYER'S NAVY CUT CIGARETTES
Medium IN CARD BOXES 25 for 1/3d 50 for 2/10 100 for 5/6
IN DECORATED TINS 50 for 2/11 100 for 5/8 150 for 8/6
Mild IN CARD BOXES 25 for 1/3d 50 for 2/10 100 for 5/6
All supplied Cork Tips or Plain

**MEDIUM
NAVY CUT
TOBACCO**
2oz. TIN 2/8
4oz. - 5/4.

PLAYER'S NAVY CUT CIGARETTES

N.C.C.1117

ARMY CLUBLETS



after the
tub



the scrub



the rub

The Army
asks for
**ARMY
CLUB**

THE FRONT-LINE CIGARETTE

Sent DUTY FREE to members of the B.E.F.
in France: 200 for 4/- 100 for 2/-
Postage 9d. Order through your
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Prices at 'Naaf' canteens with the B.E.F.

10 for 2½d—20 for 5d

ORDINARY PRICES:

10 for 6d—20 for 1'0

CONTINUING

The Boston Tar-baby

Langford kept boring in with his black arms moving like piston rods. McVea took terrible punishment.

Long before the end the ring canvas was slippery with his blood and he was reeling like a drunken sailor before the Tar-baby's ceaseless attack.

He was dead game and angrily refused to quit, until a last looping right-hander from his squat opponent exploded on his sadly battered chin. It blasted him into oblivion.

Hugh D. McIntosh—they called him "Huge Deal" McIntosh in Australia—matched and rematched these two coloured fighters, and between them they made a fortune for him. Yet Hugh, always generous with his purses, paid them something like £2,000 a fight.

He told me what I have always considered the best story of Smiling Sam Langford.

When the Tar-baby, nearing the end of his career, had run through most of the fortune he had made, he went on a barn-storming trip through the United States, taking on opponents in short exhibition spars.

In one of these bouts he met another coloured fighter who had more enthusiasm than self-control.

He went after Langford like a tiger-cat, slamming away wildly with both fists, until one mighty swing, starting from somewhere near the floor, finished on the Tar-baby's chin and put him down.

It would be hard to say who was the more astonished. Sam sat on the canvas rubbing his jaw, while the other negro stared down at him in mingled awe and amazement.

The bell went as Langford was climbing slowly to his feet, and he walked back to his corner with a wide grin splitting his black face.

When the fighters came out for the next round Sam grasped his opponent warmly by the hand, although it was only the second session and the bout was arranged to go four rounds.

The other fellow looked at him in astonishment.

"Two mo' rounds to go yet, Mistah Langford, suah," he stammered. "Two mo' rounds to go."

Sam beamed.

"No there ain't, son," he said. "Dis suah am yo' last round."

With that he swung his long right arm, and down went the enthusiast, out to the world.

NEXT WEEK:
THE ONE-EYED CHAMPION.

"Land Girls" Spurned

MORE than 25,000 women who answered the urgent call to do farm work at the beginning of the war, are now out of work. Many of them gave up jobs. They thought they would go on the land as soon as they had completed their training. Instead they find they are unwanted.

* * *

The appeal stated that 100,000 women and girls would be needed to help in the vital task of increasing food supplies. Recruiting was launched with a great flourish of publicity. The work would be hard, but glowing pictures were painted of the open-air life awaiting girls from cities and big industrial areas.

Response was magnificent. Typists, mannequins, shopgirls hurried to enrol in the army of the plough.

Photographs of the advance guard, already on the job, appeared in newspapers showing pretty chorus girls who had thrown off tinsel and frills for work-

manlike but equally attractive breeches and smocks.

Everything went splendidly until it was discovered that farmers did not want these willing helpers. And now these women and girls are demanding to know why this simple fact was not discovered before the call went out for their services.

Of the 25,000 enrolled, only about 2,000 were called up for training, and of these only a few hundreds have found jobs at 15s. a week.

Farmers believe the work is too hard for girls, and that there is as yet no shortage of men who know the job.

Farm workers over the age of 21 have been placed on the list of reserved occupations. A wise precaution, yet a glaring example of bureaucratic blundering. For it was not done until the landgirl volunteers had left their normal jobs and prepared to hold themselves in readiness to go down on the farms.

It is another exasperating instance of lack of co-ordination in home defence schemes.

Pools Notes

By "POOLEX"

FOOTBALL form has been so steady in the regional competitions that there are no important changes in my "Form and Reliability" Guide. So I will devote my notes to other matters of pool interest. Results of the first month of war-time pools have been in accordance with expert predictions, and there has been a marked decrease in the proportion of drawn games.

This is particularly important when we think about penny pool permutations. Pre-war punters were used to providing for a big proportion of "x's" in penny-pool markings, but a new technique is now required.

There is no point in providing for drawn games when we know they are unlikely. So I have been working on some tables to suit altered conditions.

(a)	(b)	(c)
11 x x 2222	1 x 22	1 x x 2222
x 2121 x 22	12 x 2	122 x x 22
1122 x 2 x 2	122 x	x 2212 x 2
		x 12222 x

Table (a) covers three matches and

guarantees that you will not lose more than one point provided the results do not include more than one draw. Tables (b) and (c) cover three and four matches respectively with a guarantee of not more than two points loss, again provided that there is not more than one draw in the results.

With two-way permutations we need to revise our ideas. When deciding on two-way forecasts in the past most punters chose 1-x or x-2 as their alternatives.

With "x's" far less likely, a forecast of 1 or 2 might be a better proposition. So here are some tables for grouping of two-way forecasts not containing any draw forecasts. Each guarantees a limit of one point lost, provided, there are no draws among the results.

3	4	5
Matches.	Matches.	Matches.
122	111222	1111222222
221	122122	1122112222
221	212122	1222121122
	112212	1222211122
		2112222112

By Richard Sudell

Quick-Yield Fruit Trees

"WE grow enough fruit either fresh from the garden or preserved to keep us all the year round," said an amateur gardener who devoted his back garden, 30 ft. by 60 ft., to fruit.

He obtains results by using special trees, grown in nurseries trained ready for immediate planting.

Varieties providing such a quick yield include:

Three-year Cordon Apples and Pears. Fan-trained and Horizontal-trained Apples and Pears. Fan-trained Peaches and Nectarines. Three-year Bush Apples and Pears. Three-year Black and Red Currants. Three-year Gooseberries. Raspberries and Loganberries.

Prepare situations for bushes or trees before they arrive from the nursery. For loganberries and trained-fruit trees excavate holes about 2 ft. wide and deep against walls or fences, break up the sub-soil, and, if soil is of poor quality, replace from another part of the garden.

Manure should be applied to the surface and lightly forked in after planting. As roots of trees arriving from a nursery

are usually broken, damaged ends should be cut off with a sharp knife.

Take the soil mark on the stem as a guide to the depth for planting, and work fine soil in among the fibrous roots, half fill the hole with soil and tread the roots firmly. Then fill up the hole and again tread. Firm planting is essential.

Bush trees should have a stake attached to the stem. To prevent abrasion, tie sacking around the stake where it touches the stem of the tree, using tarred twine.

Bush fruits, currants and gooseberries are planted 5 ft. apart each way. A few low-growing vegetables can be grown among bush fruits for the first season. This not only crops the land, but also keeps it clean.

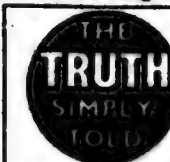
All fruit needs a dressing of lime, which should be applied to the soil after digging at the rate of four ounces to the square yard.

Trained trees are planted 10 ft. apart against walls or fences; Cordon trees can be planted 2 ft. apart.

Pruning should be delayed until the end of March, when growth is just beginning, and the sap in the stems helps roots to recover from shock of transplanting.

Pruning in Spring is also designed to obtain shapely bushes or trees.

Raspberries, loganberries and cultivated blackberries are cut back in March, when they should be reduced to about one-third of their length.



THE popularity of Doang's brand Backache Kidney Pills, after forty years of world-wide use is surely proof of successful results. Doang's Pills have one purpose: they are a good diuretic treatment for sluggish kidney action and for relief of the pain and worry it causes.

If more people were aware of how the kidneys must constantly remove waste that cannot stay in the blood without injury to health, there would be better understanding of why the whole body suffers when kidney action lags, and a diuretic medicine would be more often employed.

Burning, scanty or too frequent urination may be a warning of disturbed kidney function. You may suffer nagging backache, rheumatic pains, persistent headaches, attacks of dizziness, getting up at night, swellings, puffiness under the eyes—feel weak, nervous, all played out.

Use Doang's Pills. You can rely on a medicine that has won such world wide recommendation.

INSIST UPON DOANG'S, 1/2, 3/-, 5/-

DOANG

DOGE CREAM

THE MARVELLOUS COMPLEXION RESTORER
WITH ITS MOST GLORIOUS PERFUME

Every girl who is doing National Service, and will be in the open, must protect her skin. The elements play havoc with anything so delicate as the skin of the face, and there is no cream that can keep the skin in such a perfect condition and so beautiful as DOGE.

However sallow or patchy the complexion may be, we guarantee to make it perfect with Doge Cream. Doge Cream is absolutely a complete restorer. It works miracles on the skin and is the most ideal complexion cream on the market.

Doge Cream is not a vanishing cream. It does not dry up the skin, but keeps the skin supple, firm and youthful. When thinking of other face creams, remember that Doge Cream is not like any of these. Try it and you will never go back to any other face cream you have ever used. It is the most remarkable and the most perfect cream that has ever been blended into a face cream. It contains Almond Oil, which is the most expensive oil one can use in a face cream, and does not grow hair. It preserves the skin and takes away all wrinkles and leaves the skin as smooth as a child's. It was taken from an old Venetian recipe and has a beautiful perfume that lingers on the face until it is washed away.

IN
TUBES 6" & 9"
BY
POSTS 1/- & 2/-

SHAVEX ZEE-KOL CO., LTD.,
(Dept. D6), 40, Blenheim Road,
London, N.19.

The original recipe was beyond price in the days when it was first known, but to-day we can make up all these preparations for the skin. If Doge Cream is smeared around the eyes at night every wrinkle will vanish as if a miracle had happened. It will make the worst complexion perfect. Over a thousand of the leading Society women use Doge Cream.



RESTORE BEAUTY WHILE YOU SLEEP

To take away wrinkles keep a layer of DOGE Cream under the eyes while you are resting, and smear lightly over the rest of the face. Every girl should look her best and keep fresh and well and her complexion beautiful while doing National Service. Zee-Kol Almond Oil Soap is a perfect helpmate to Doge Cream.

ALMOND OIL ZEE-KOL TOILET SOAP

CREATES BEAUTY AND PRESERVES BEAUTY
AND HAS A BEAUTIFUL LINGERING PERFUME

A revolution in transforming the worst skin in three nights into a most beautiful satiny and peach-like complexion. Never before has a soap of this description been given to the public. It is made of the purest oils. One must not think of the cheap 3d. Tablets of Soap when thinking of Zee-Kol Almond Oil Soap.

This is the wholesale price of the material used in most of the advertised soaps. Compare this price to Almond Oil, which is 5/6 per lb., and which is used in Zee-Kol Almond Oil Soap.

PALM OIL COSTS 4d. per lb.
ALMOND OIL Costs 5/6 per lb.

Now it is easily seen why Zee-Kol Almond Oil Soap is the most expensive to make, as it is very rare to get Almond Oil in a Soap at all.

The price of Almond Oil will prove to everyone that there is no soap in the world so marvellous as Zee-Kol Almond Oil Soap. It has taken years to know how to blend the oils in this soap, because it is not like other soaps to-day, which are only ordinary soaps. Its oils are a marvellous tonic to the skin. Blended with the most exquisite perfumes, Almond Oil has been chosen for this Zee-Kol Super Toilet Soap. It contains the purest and the most natural oil for the skin, and has a beautiful perfume that lingers over the face until washed away. When washing the natural oil is replaced and the skin keeps firm, smooth and beautiful.

1/- LARGE TABLET 6D
NOW

SHAVEX ZEE-KOL CO., LTD. (Dept. S.14), 40, Blenheim Road, London, N.19.

No ordinary soap can do what Zee-Kol ALMOND OIL Soap does, yet it is sold everywhere to-day at half its former price—8d. instead of 1/-. Zee-Kol Almond Oil Soap is a perfect Shampoo. All dandruff disappears and the hair shines with health.



1st W.R.A.F. Girl: "Here's what I promised you. The secret that keeps my skin smooth and lovely amidst smoke, grime and all weathers... ZEE-KOL ALMOND OIL SOAP."

2nd W.R.A.F. Girl: "Oh, thank you, dear, what an exquisite lavender perfume it has, and what a beautiful lather it makes, even in this hard water."

1st W.R.A.F. Girl: "Yes, and the expensive Almond Oil in it is a real beauty treatment. Yet Zee-Kol Almond Oil Soap costs only 6d. and is ten times better than those cheap 3d. tablets of soap."

2nd W.R.A.F. Girl: "I'm going to get a good supply right away."

Real-life stories of RHEUMATISM

Nurse who 'suffered terribly' finds that Fynnon Salt 'really touched the spot'

This grateful letter comes from Sister P. P. MacBryde, C.M.B., R.M.P.A., S.R.N., of Balham:—

"I suffered terribly with rheumatism in the joints. I tried many things but only got worse. One day I read about Fynnon and said 'I must try it.' I was overjoyed! It really 'touched the spot.' My stiffness and pain went. It was just as if a dead load had been lifted from my body and mind. Since then I have never missed my morning Fynnon. I am now entirely free from rheumatism and can honestly say that Fynnon Salt renews its benefits every day."

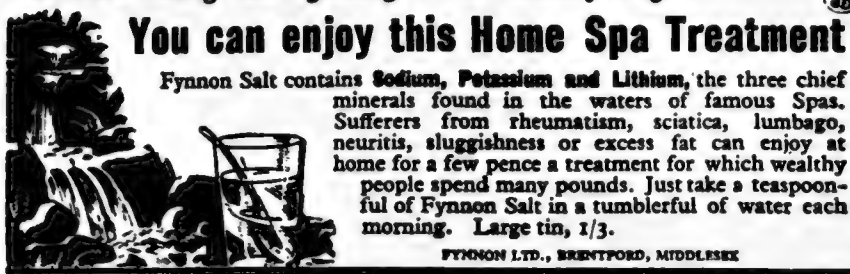


Fit as a Fiddle on FYNNON

Guarantee
We guarantee that the testimonial published here, like every other testimonial we publish, is genuine and unsolicited: the photograph is of Sister MacBryde.

When Sister MacBryde says "Fynnon touches the spot" she describes a scientific truth. The famous Spa Water elements concentrated in Fynnon Salt make a direct attack upon the cruel acids and poisons which collect in muscle and sinew causing those agonising

twinges and locked joints. The kidneys and liver are invigorated so that impurities are naturally rinsed from your system. Your old suppleness returns as the pain fades away. Horrid sluggishness gives place to new energy. You are radiantly fit again.



You can enjoy this Home Spa Treatment

Fynnon Salt contains Sodium, Potassium and Lithium, the three chief minerals found in the waters of famous Spas. Sufferers from rheumatism, sciatica, lumbago, neuritis, sluggishness or excess fat can enjoy at home for a few pence a treatment for which wealthy people spend many pounds. Just take a teaspoonful of Fynnon Salt in a tumblerful of water each morning. Large tin, 1/3.

FYNNON LTD., BRENTFORD, MIDDLESEX

Think of the Wounded

Give to the

LORD MAYOR'S



Please send your gift to the Lord Mayor, The Mansion House, London, E.C.4. Envelopes should be marked 'Appeal' and cheques made payable to 'The Lord Mayor's Fund.' Alternatively you can subscribe to your local collection.

VOICE of the PEOPLE

RETURNING home from voluntary war work in the early morning, my friend was stopped by a policeman and asked where he had been.

My friend replied that this country was a democracy, and was engaged in a fight for freedom. He wasn't going to be robbed of his freedom.

Yet the policeman insisted on taking his name and address. Now why on earth should Nazi Gestapo methods be employed?—C. East, Warnford Road, Oxford.

A policeman making such an early morning enquiry is protecting the sleeping population for whose safety he is responsible. If burglars looked like burglars, the police wouldn't stop law-abiding citizens, but burglars make themselves look like law-abiding citizens returning from voluntary war work.

A Father's Thanks

THERE is an inclination to be terribly unjust to foster-parents looking after evacuated children. Where do you hear a word of praise for them?

I am the devoted father of a boy of seven, evacuated to Godstone, Surrey, who is treated the same as the family's own daughter. So are two other children.

The foster-parents bought gumboots all round when the wet weather came, and recompense is disdained.

My boy is physically better. He is mentally better for his stay with charming, intelligent people. To have him

home, even for Christmas, would be unfair to him. Two people with beautiful minds have put me and mine under a debt that money couldn't repay, even if accepted.—J. Bond, Harcourt Road, Brockley, S.E.4.

A Family Question

YOU don't see doctors queuing up for jobs outside hospitals, or lawyers besieging the courts for cases. Professional people have such small families that there are hardly enough children to take their places in professional circles when the time comes for parents to retire.

Miners double the potential number of miners every generation, yet the demand for coal isn't doubled.

Every hundred railwaymen give the country more than a hundred potential railwaymen when railway companies think of cutting staffs instead of increasing them.—J. W. Rimmington, Amity Road, West Ham, E.15.

Here's Wisdom

JUST a word to soldiers, sailors and airmen.

When you come back to "civvie life," your mission completed, don't demand a "chance for youth."

That is the mistake made by the men who served in the last war. And millions of us have found ourselves too old at forty.

No, you young men, Come back with the demand that a man who fights for his country is worth a little more than fifteen or eighteen years of adult employment in a lifetime. J. D. L., Horsham.

There's a lot of wisdom in that.

They Know the Way

EVERY man who has joined the Colours from Hatfield Main Colliery gets his rent paid (rents range from 10s. 9d. to 12s. 6d. a week), plus a ton of coal every six or eight weeks.

Half the cost falls on the colliery company, half on men still employed there.

Residents of Stainforth know how this war can be won!—S. Pattison, Haig Crescent, Stainforth, near Doncaster.

More "This-will-win-the-war" letters welcomed.

Serving at 74

AN old friend of 74 came marching down the street the other day as smartly as any youngster, to tell me he had joined the National Defence Corps.

You'd never have guessed, seeing his smartness and upright bearing, that he's 74 years old, and served in the Boer War, Boxer Rebellion and the Great War.

You'd never have guessed that he had to lie about his age.

He's as sprightly as a Cupid!—Mrs. A. Cruise, Hengrove Lane, Knowle, Bristol.

A JOHN BULL correspondent visiting the Western Front saw Boer War ribbons among Air Force men there.

Is it Chivalry?

AGAIN there are pictures in the Press of German prisoners filling sandbags to protect themselves from their own bombers.

Surely British citizens, who have to pay the piper, want protecting from them first.

Let these prisoners fill sandbags, certainly, but not until all Britons are supplied should they have the use of one.—F. Lewington, County Sanatorium, Lenham, near Maidstone, Kent.

It is in true British spirit to treat prisoners with chivalry. Apart from this, Nazis would be quick to speak of our "excesses" and retaliate on British prisoners if we were not like that.

● This is YOUR page—a weekly opportunity for readers to tell the world their news and views.

We pay 10s. 6d. for each letter published and an extra 10s. 6d. if we use your own photograph to illustrate a letter.

The address is: "Voice of the People," 93, Long Acre, London, W.C.2.

Tommy, Jack and Bill

ADEQUATE supplies of Army clothing are available for every unit. Mr. Hore-Bellisha has given Parliament this assurance, and we know he's right. Yet commanding officers don't seem to be taking the trouble to apply for those adequate supplies.

The War Minister must be told that men in a certain unit, after working in the rain with mud up to their ankles, have no dry clothes or boots to wear when they return to barracks.

Next day, they find it impossible to polish still-damp boots and are thus liable to reprimand.

We have received similar complaints concerning other units.

We are also baffled by a question asked by every Serviceman:

Why does a soldier have to buy his own cleaning and polishing materials from his meagre pay?

Maybe, Mr. Hore-Bellisha will answer as frankly as JOHN BULL is answering the other questions of war-perplexed readers.

A typical example:—

D. H., Rugby.—A motor mechanic, I'd like to join the Navy if I am called up. As I have bad sight, what are my chances?

Doubtful whether you'd be accepted for Navy or Fleet Air Arm, which demand fit men. Remember that motor mechanics aged twenty-three and upwards are in a Reserved Occupation.

Have you, too, a mental knot to unravel? Our Free Advice Service will do it for you, whether it concerns Service allowance, pensions, legal or rent difficulties, or any general subject.

Just write to JOHN BULL about it, enclosing a stamped addressed envelope.

Here are two more war time letters passing between

Mother and Son . . .

MY DEAR SON,

WELL, at last I've been to see my little grandson. My boy, you have a lovely son. He's the image of your dear father, and how I wish he'd lived to see him.

He was always fond of boys and was bitterly disappointed when your three sisters arrived in succession. But he loved you all and would have been so proud of you in uniform.

I think of all the boys away from babies they have seen only for an hour or so, like you my boy.

Perhaps they will value them more when they get home to them. Young men will be most eager to make the world a little cleaner and safer for babies to whom they have given the gift of life.

★ ★ ★

From Somewhere in England.

DEAR MUM,—There's something so funny about an Englishman in a Scots unit. You'd want to laugh. There's Tommy, who is learning the bagpipes. I nearly had a fit when I heard him practising.

He plays so solemnly that when I heard the grunts and squeaks, supposed to represent "The Campbells Are Coming," I fully expected to see snakes come sliding through the windows.

These Englishmen think they can learn the bagpipes in an hour. In two hours they regard themselves as the master of it.

What a laugh, for a Scotsman!

Pleasant "ONE-DAY" way to BANISH CONSTIPATION

Doctors agree that persistent dosings of laxatives are often injurious. To form a habit of laxative taking is almost as bad as having constipation.

Feen-a-mint has solved the problem of constipation for millions of intelligent people. They find it is safe because with Feen-a-mint daily dosing is unnecessary. Feen-a-mint is the occasional, natural laxative. It puts your system right the first time; regulates it at once and puts you back to normal, healthy regularity!

What's more, Feen-a-mint has no unpleasant after-effects whatsoever. It is simple and pleasant to take; that's why kiddies love it. Feen-a-mint acts quickly and naturally. Right after taking Feen-a-mint you feel good. No headaches, indigestion, lassitude, bad complexion. Feen-a-mint makes you feel fit and vital again—the first time! Don't wait any longer. Get your Feen-a-mint today. You'll be glad you did! And if you're not satisfied your money will be refunded. Obtainable at chemists and stores everywhere.

Wartime worries and nerves vanish with

THE QUICK ACTION TONIC

Many women today say they could 'scarcely carry on' without the wonderful restorative action of Wincarnis. After your very first sip of this famous tonic wine, you feel the strength flowing into you; then comes the stamina-building lasting benefit of the fine wines reinforced with beef and malt extracts. BUY WINCARNIS NOW. THE PRICE IS NOT YET UP, IN SPITE OF THE NEW WINE DUTY.

HELP IN A MURDER'S ILLNESS

"It (Wincarnis) certainly strengthened me and I was able to bear the terrible pain more patiently and enabled me to get sleep, and as I was sleeping very badly this was most beneficial."

Nurse M. E. (Salep).

Health is priceless

WINGARNIS

Still only 5/6 and 3/3



"Do you know, young man, what Sir George White said to us after we'd relieved Ladysmith?"

**"Yes! always use
Cherry Blossom
Boot Polish!"**

In Black, Tanette,
Dark Tan Stain, etc.
Tins 1½d., 2½d., 4½d.,
and 6d.

It gives the brightest
shine in half the time.

Chiswick Products, Ltd., London, W.4.

CPIPOB



**RELIEF
if you suffer
SKIN TORTURE**

Are you tortured and disfigured by skin trouble? Cuticura Ointment will quickly relieve you. A touch of Cuticura Ointment arrests the tormenting itch of Eczema instantly and often a 1/3 tin is sufficient to commence the healing process. Applied to burns and scalds, Cuticura cools and soothes the fiery pain with magical effect. So powerful is the healing action of Cuticura that pimples and rashes vanish after one or two applications. Cuticura safeguards against septic poisoning in cuts and all skin abrasions. Boils, chronic ulcers, festering and gatherings, all yield to the soothing, antiseptic powers of this world-famed healer. Buy a tin and get relief today!

139

Cuticura
BRAND
OINTMENT

Your First Duty TO YOUR LUNGS

YOUR first duty to yourself is to keep well and FREE from WINTER HEALTH PERILS. The Cough menace is already assuming its most threatening proportions. Each year Hospitals and Nursing Homes are filled with Chest and Lung Cases which might never have transpired but for the neglect of a COUGH. You must BE PREPARED! Stop YOUR COUGH NOW! Take VENOS Lightning COUGH CURE. VENOS is your unflinching protection from the menace of Winter Ills.

It acts up to its name. Stops a Cough like Lightning! Soothes Sore Throat. Quickly stops the development of deadly germs. Strengthens and Protects Throat, Chest and Lungs. Remember every time you cough thousands of tiny vessels are strained and tortured. Vital respiratory defences are weakened... the delicate membrane lining of your throat and chest is dangerously irritated. Don't let your Cough get a hold. Stop it now by taking VENOS Lightning COUGH CURE. VENOS Lightning COUGH CURE Cures your Cough or Costs you nothing. Sold Everywhere. 1/3 & 3/- per bottle.

**FOR
YOUR
THROAT**

Allenburys
GLYCERINE & BLACKCURRANT
PASTILLES

FROM CHEMISTS ONLY, 8½d. & 1/4

Escape the mailed fist of INDIGESTION



EVERYONE who has tried to bear up under the cruel pitiless pressure of Indigestion knows all about the relentless grip of the Mailed Fist. But many who thought they were doomed to a lifetime of suffering have lived to bless the day they first tried Maclean Brand Stomach Powder. Some of the cases started with simple food fermentation, setting up searing inflammation that paved the way for the severest and most painful forms of stomach trouble. They had neglected early warnings.

STOMACH PAIN QUELLED

But why dwell on the black side? You won't when you start taking Maclean Brand Stomach Powder. Its perfectly balanced alkalies soothe and settle the turmoil in your stomach from the first dose. Burning excess acid is normalized. Your stomach is sweetened, inflammation soothed, natural digestive juices stimulated and clogging waste gently moved away.

NEVER NEGLECT STOMACH PAIN. Start taking Maclean Brand Stomach Powder TO-DAY. A clean, healthy stomach is worth many times the cost of this safe cure.

Look for the signature

Alex. E. Maclean

on carton, bottle or tin.

Maclean Brand Stomach Powder is sold in 1/3, 2/- and 5/- bottles, Powder or Tablets.

Tablets in Tins.
Handy Pocket Tin (15 Tablets) - 6d.
Economy Pocket Tin (25 Tablets) 9d.
Slide-top Tin (50 Tablets) - 1/3

OPERATION AVOIDED

Timely advice of State Registered Nurse.
"Last summer I became very ill with gastric trouble. After X-ray my doctor advised operation, but my daughter, who is a State Registered Nurse, advised me to give Maclean Brand Stomach Powder a trial. A month ago the hospital wrote saying they had a bed ready, so I replied that I was quite better and should not be going in. All my friends say how well I look, and I certainly feel better than I have done for years."
Mrs. B., Doncaster



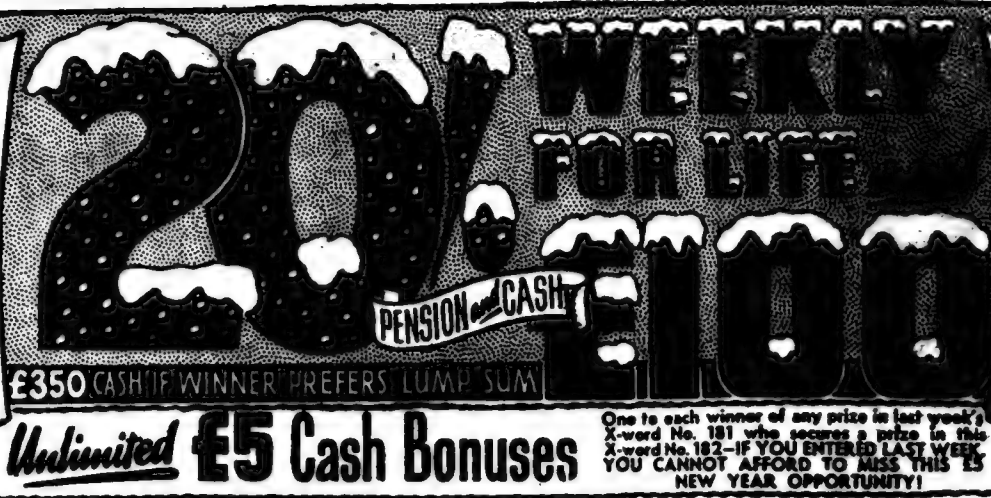
MACLEAN BRAND
Stomach Powder

(POWDER OR TABLETS)

Maclean Ltd., Great West Road, Brentford.

**MARIE
ELISABETH SARDINES**

... DON'T FORGET SARDINES
FOR YOUR CHRISTMAS FARE



INCLUDE this week's Puzzle on your programme of Christmas entertainment! The Clues will help to pass an odd half-hour of leisure and, as a result, you may well capture that fine Pension-plus-Cash First Prize.

This Christmas opportunity brings you the first big cheque with an income for life which has been offered since the war began; win "John Bull's" fine 2-in-1 First and the happiest of New Years will be yours!

TERMS AND CONDITIONS

Presented on this page is the 182nd of JOHN BULL'S entertaining Crossword Puzzles; you are invited to exercise your skill and knowledge by completing it with the guidance of the Clues provided.

Accuracy and accuracy of Answers in relation to the Clues form the standard of excellence by which entries will be judged, and all decisions will be based on the Answers of Competitors. This judging will be carried out under the supervision of an expert Adjudication Committee.

Each entry received will be carefully considered and the First Prize-winner will be the competitor who on one Square has completed the Puzzle and has given what, in the opinion of the Adjudication Committee, is the best set of Answers to the Clues provided. And this set of Answers will constitute the winning Puzzle Square.

If at any points in the Puzzle where a choice of words exists it is decided that no one word submitted can be preferred on the test of aptness and accuracy, then competitors there using words of equal merit as Answers will be regarded as having tied at these points, which will be duly indicated when result and winning Puzzle Square appear in JOHN BULL, published Thursday, January 11. The second prize will be awarded to the competitor whose entry is next in order of merit. In the event of a tie or ties, the appropriate cash prize will be equally divided; not more than one prize allowed to any one entrant.

Acceptance of the findings of the Adjudication Committee in regard to the most meritorious entries and of the Editor of JOHN BULL in all other matters is a condition on which entries are accepted and is legally binding on all entrants for this Crossword Competition.

WIN £200 and EXTRA SLEEP every MORNING!

Each sender of Crossword Entry value 1s. or over may enclose one 6d. Bull's coupon ABSOLUTELY FREE for Novel Offer of £200 plus Extra Sleep every morning, provided it bears the same name and address as Crossword entry. Coupons on page 38.

ACROSS CLUES

1. It may be really annoying when noisy neighbour is making himself one
3. It can well be awkward in emergency if yours is tied up
5. End of bout
8. May be stuck in accidentally and cause roars of laughter
9. Soldiers must watch their step when they're out on this
10. Frequently seen in Canadian and American woods
13. Prepare paper for publication
17. Busy housewife often leaves tea to do this
18. Good one shouldn't be left lying about in nursery
19. Cheerful one in some cases makes things easier for hospital patient

DOWN CLUES

1. It's sometimes easy enough for a man to run through one
2. People keen on playing usually try to get out of this
3. Machine is used for winding this
4. Principal boy in pantomime is one
6. One made of silver may be worth quite a bit
7. No one minds shedding these of joy
9. Navigation may depend on
11. Many people prefer to do this when drinking their glass of beer
12. Very long one will not be suitable for smoker
13. She had a leafy wardrobe
14. Many will be kept up, if big one goes on all night
15. Bad one may lose you game at tennis
16. Designed for strength without too much weight

BIG CHEQUES AND 216 XMAS DINNERS

WON IN CROSSWORD No. 179.

In connection with "John Bull" Crossword No. 179, the Adjudication Committee decided that the entrants who indicated the most meritorious Sets of Answers for one Square (see on right) were the following eight competitors:—

Mrs. GREENWOOD, Birch View, Hallas Bridge, Cullinstown, Bradford.
Miss M. C. HUTCHISON, 18, Nursery Grove, Overdon, Halifax.
M. C. KENRICK, 81, Grassendale Rd., Stockton Heath, Warrington.
R. KING, 3, Ashley Avenue, Belfast.
F. NIGHTINGALE, 61, High St., Burying, Sussex.
T. SANDFORD, 4, Bankhouse Rd., Wotton, Lancs.
Mrs. W. WAGSTAFF, 112, Cottrells Lane, Alum Rock, Birmingham.
Mrs. H. J. WHITE, Spring Cottage, Dearth Rd., Colwyn Bay.

These competitors share the First Prize of £300, and a cheque for £37 10s. 0d. will be sent to each.
The Award of £200 in Cash and Christmas Awards to Runners-up has been divided between 216 competitors from whom we received entries inferior in merit by reason of only one less apt and accurate Answer compared with the best entries received. These winners will each receive Cash and Christmas Feast to the combined value of 18s. 7d. A list of these runners-up can be seen at the "John Bull" offices and all have been notified.

A useful Surprise Award will be posted this week to each of 1,333 entrants from whom we received an entry differing from entries of Runners-up by only one less meritorious Answer.

WINNING WORDS.

ACROSS—1. TALK. 2. STY. 3. FAST. 4. SEA. 7. HUT. 10. WAIT. 12. HEAP. 13. LATE. 15. MAT. 16. NEWS. 20. DEAL.
DOWN—1. TAKE. 2. STORE. 3. MAT. 4. EWE. 5. PILE. 8. DAY. 10. WAIT. 11. BOAT. 13. AXE. 14. NUT. 15. TRA. 17. EUT.

X-WORD AID POST-FREE

By filling in your name and address both in coupon space AND on Label incorporated with coupon you will secure, as soon as available, a FREE and POST-FREE copy of the new war-time "CROSSWORD GAZETTE." It will contain Adjudication Committee's Findings on Puzzle No. 182, as well as extra squares with FREE PRIVILEGE and "Time-Save" Entry Sheet for another fine Pension Offer.

ADDRESS ENTRY: Crossword No. 182, "John Bull," 57, Long Acre, London, W.C.2 (Comp.).
Note NEW Closing Postmark—SAT., Dec. 30

READ THESE RULES

- 1.—Complete puzzle in ordinary ink, not copying-ink or copying-ink pencil. Entry-fee is at the rate of 3d. for each square submitted. Stamps must be affixed or Postal Order enclosed as entry-fee, as directed on Entry Form. If P.O. used, make payable to Odhams Press Ltd., and cross/ & Co.; write name and address and date of posting on back of P.O. and fill in the number on Entry Form. Entry Form to be sent by post as directed (not delivered by hand) and bear POST-MARK of not later than Saturday, December 30, 1939.
- 2.—Each entrant may submit any number of squares up to total entry-fee of 4/-.
- 3.—No responsibility is accepted for any entry lost, delayed, not delivered, or mislaid, and no correspondence will be entered into.
- 5.—Should any single letter square be left blank, contains a letter which is not clear, or altered, or not given in ink, the corresponding properly indicated letter on Entry-square

alongside will be regarded as entrant's intended letter for both Entry-squares. If entrant's answer cannot be decided on such basis as more than one letter square, Entry-square concerned will be disqualified, as will any mutilated coupon.

4.—Winner and winning Puzzle Square will appear in JOHN BULL on sale Thursday, January 11. Entries are accepted only on condition that the published result of our double adjudication establishing the Winner and Runners-up is regarded as final. Merit is established according to the total number of Answers to Clues, both Across and Down, which agree with the winning Puzzle Square.

5.—Should the First Prize be shared, £350 cash will be paid instead of the Pension Award.

6.—Failure to comply with any of the Rules and Conditions involves disqualification.

7.—Employees of Odhams Press Ltd. and members of their families are not eligible to compete.

CUT ROUND THESE BROKEN LINES "JOHN BULL" CROSSWORD No. 182. Closing Postmark SATURDAY, DECEMBER 30.



YOUR FREE PRIVILEGE

If these squares and those published in next week's "John Bull" are entered together, entry-fee of only 1s. 6d. need be enclosed, thus allowing TWO SQUARES FREE. Normal entry-fee payable if this Entry Form is not so accompanied.



I agree to enter in accordance with the Rules and Conditions. Affixed ADD

NAME & ADDRESS TO BOTH COUPON AND LABEL

"GAZETTE" LABEL

NAME IN BLOCK LETTERS.

FULL, POSTAL, ADDRESS.

FOR 1 SQUARE

Sticky stick
TWO 1½d. stamps here

FOR 2 SQUARES

Sticky stick
FOUR 1½d. stamps

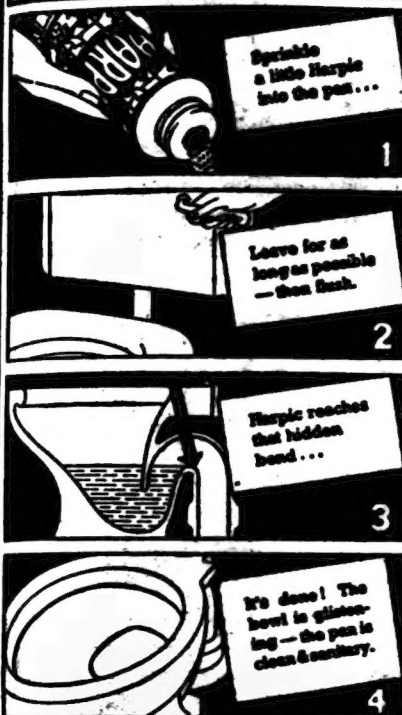
FOR 3 SQUARES

Sticky stick
SIX 1½d. stamps

FOR 4 SQUARES

Sticky stick
EIGHT 1½d. stamps
(Allowing enclosure of 6d. "Bull's" Coupon FREE.)

Quick, easy, thorough way TO CLEAN THE LAVATORY



TODAY, when homes are crowded and unexpected work has to be done, the quick, simple, effective action of Harpic is of special value to every housewife. Harpic is specially made for the lavatory. It cleans, disinfects and deodorizes, leaves the bowl gleaming. Harpic is sold in new easy-flow tins at 6d., 1/- and 1/9.

HARPIC for the lavatory

HARPIC MFG. CO. LTD., BULL AND LONDON

SWEETENS CHILD'S SOUR STOMACH IN FIVE MINUTES

Mother! You'll be positively amazed how quickly a little 'Milk of Magnesia' sweetens a stomach made sour and sick by too much rich food. 'Milk of Magnesia' overcomes the sour acidity the moment it reaches the stomach. That sick, ill feeling quickly passes away and in no time the little one is as lively as a cricket. The 'Milk of Magnesia' moves the bowels and relieves the system of the offending bile and undigested food which have made the child ill. At the first sign of sickness just give 'Milk of Magnesia' and nip the attack in the bud. Get 'Milk of Magnesia' to-day and have it handy. 1/3 and 2/6 (treble quantity). Also 'Milk of Magnesia' brand Tablets, 6d., 1/-, 2/- and 3/6. Obtainable everywhere. Be quite sure it is 'Milk of Magnesia'. 'Milk of Magnesia' is the trade mark of Phillips' Preparation of Magnesia.

WAR LIVING UPSETS YOUR LIVER

When you feel rotten, wake up your liver bile without purgatives, and you'll feel grand! The first part of your body to feel the bad effects of war-time worry, poor sleep and irregular meals is your liver. Your liver should pour out two pints of cleansing bile juice into your system every day. If it doesn't, your food just decays inside you. You feel tired, headachy, depressed. You have indigestion. You get constipated. Ordinary laxatives help a little, but a more bowel movement can't make you feel fit and able to face things with a smile. When you need are Carters' Little Liver Pills - harmless, gentle, yet amazing in making bile flow freely. Next morning you'll wake up feeling better than you've felt for years. Ask for Carters' Little Liver Pills today. 1/2 at all chemists.



Will STOP That CHILL OR COLD

COLDS

Beechams Powders end the sneezing, clear the head, stop the nasal discomfort... all for 2d!

CHILLS

Beechams Powders stop those 'chilling' feelings in the bones... reduce the feverishness and defeat the chill... all for 2d!

FLU

Beechams Powders, taken promptly, ward off 'Flu' attacks, and all symptoms both local and general... prevent 'laying up'... all for 2d!

FOR 2d you can GET RID of that cold! Go immediately and buy a Beechams Powder! It will cost you only 2d but the relief you obtain will be absolutely PRICELESS! All those unpleasant symptoms will vanish... aches and pains will disappear! Beechams Powders are Wonderful. They are Quicker Acting, more certain in results. Why suffer when 2d will relieve your discomfort? Get YOUR Beechams Powders NOW!

ACHES

Beechams Powders put an end to those aches in the limbs and feeling of pain in the joints... all for 2d!

PAINS

Beechams Powders end Headaches, Nerve Pains, Neuralgia and the 'crippling' pain of Neuritis goes... all for 2d!

RHEUMATISM

Beechams Powders bring blessed ease from the torture of Rheumatic agony, helping to free stiff joints and pain racked muscles all for 2d!

BEECHAMS POWDERS 2d EACH

ACT LIKE MAGIC

Careless of 8 Powders 1/3. Single Powders 2d each. Not Laxative. Sold Everywhere. A Beecham Product.

FOR BARGAINS—

Turn to "JOHN BULL'S Shop Window" Page
—See page 5!

Distressing PILES

Ended By Famous Ointment.

ESCAPE the torment of piles by using Zam-Buk. This world-famed herbal ointment is renowned for soothing and healing. It reduces pain, swelling and inflammation, checks the bleeding and causes the protrusions gradually to disappear. Don't suffer a day longer—get a box of Zam-Buk and use according to the printed directions.

"I contracted piles through working in all weathers. The pain became so severe I could only get about in great discomfort. But Zam-Buk gave me immediate relief and as I continued with this grand treatment the piles gradually disappeared until I was free from them."—Mr. J. H. P., London.

Zam-Buk

Healing · Soothing · Antiseptic



SOLID ZAM-BUK

In addition to Zam-Buk ointment for external piles, you can also obtain Zam-Buk soluble Suppositories for inward use. Left in position at night they cure while you sleep. Price for Suppositories & Ointment, 1/3 per box.

FOR INWARD PILES

Get to know
that inner glow
Warmth & Comfort
top to toe.



GRAVES Beats the World For Quality & Value



Graves new 'VULCAN' 4-Valve Battery
THREE-WAVEBAND SUPERHET

Makes you entirely independent of Electric Service Mains, is wonderfully efficient, powerful, highly selective and trouble-free; operates anywhere, any time, either inside your home or outside; crystal clear & faithful in reproduction, reliable in performance, with full range of reception from short, medium and long-wave stations. Only the most dependable components are used in the construction of this magnificent full size Walnut Set, which is backed by the Graves 40 years' reputation, and delivered Carriage Paid and complete in all respects, including Batteries, Valves, full Aerial equipment, and detailed instructions. Nothing else to buy. Offered on the most beneficial Easy Payments without any extra charge. Terms 10/6 Monthly **£7:18:0**
WE OFFER EXCHANGE PRICE FOR OLD SETS

Write for Illustrated Catalogue and full specifications of the latest A.C. Mains & Battery Sets Post Free.
J. G. GRAVES Ltd. SHEFFIELD

Revitalise your KIDNEYS

and you'll feel young look young.

Nothing ages man or woman more than aches caused through bad kidney action. This makes you suffer from Backing up Bladder, Burning, Stinging Passages, Nerves, Headaches, Dizziness, Loss of Power, Swollen under eyes, Swollen Ankles, Loss of Appetite, Sleepless, etc., because kidneys which should filter blood fail to throw off acids and poisons, now creeping to joints and muscles. In 24 hours Cystex kills kidney germs, strengthens kidneys and expels acids and poisons. Get Cystex from Boots, Timothy White and Telford or any Chemist, 1/3, 2/6, and 8/- on Guarantee to put you right or money back. Act now! The Guarantee protects you.

Cystex

Make a 'Point'
of it—

Be sure to get
"POINT"

BRAND
WINES

For further details—don't overlook the announcement on the Front Cover.

Afraid to



eat it?

ARE you afraid to sit down to a good dinner—afraid because of the agony of wind and indigestion you fear will follow? If so, your trouble is almost certainly that your stomach is producing too much acid, and this acid is fermenting your food. What you need is a little 'Bisurated' Magnesia after meals. This instantly neutralises the pain-causing excess acid and ensures normal digestion. With 'Bisurated' Magnesia at hand you can enjoy the foods you like without paying the penalty in after-meal misery.

You want 'Bisurated' Magnesia

Prices: Powder, 1/3 & 2/6. Tablets, 6d., 1/3 & 2/6.

3 Days in the Life of a

LEG SUFFERER

This amazing letter has all the swift drama of a film! And—like a film—it has a truly happy ending—LEG TROUBLE HEALED IN 3 DAYS! It is written by the husband of the sufferer.

"Last week my wife was in bed with a poisoned leg. She started with Holloways Ointment on Monday evening—repeated the dressings four times daily—and on Wednesday she hobbled downstairs. I suppose she was fed up with bed. To my surprise when I came home last night—Thursday—she was walking about. All the matter has gone away in three days—it simply ran away. I cannot tell you how happy we all are...."

Boiling Kettle leads to DREADFUL WOUND

Here is a striking illustration of how an everyday accident can, either through neglect or faulty treatment, have most serious consequences. This little girl had only her schoolmistress and Holloways Ointment to thank for saving her from what might have been a lifetime of suffering.

READ THIS LETTER:—

"I proved Holloways Ointment to be excellent in the case of a little girl who had upset a kettle of boiling water over her leg. Her mother wrapped up the place in calico rag, which she kept constantly pulling off to look at it. The result was a most dreadful wound. When she brought the child to me the sore place was full of corruption and proud flesh. I washed it and then put on some of your valuable Holloways Ointment, and in a week it began to heal."

Don't run the risk of neglecting your skin trouble—hoping it won't spread. Hope won't clear it up—only HEALING will do that. Instant, soothing, cleansing HOLLOWAYS Healing! Holloways Ointment has been famous for over 100 years for SORES, ABSCESSSES, ECZEMA, ULCERS, SEPTIC WOUNDS, BURNS, CUTS, BOILS, CARBUNCLES, HEMORRHOIDS, LEG TROUBLES, etc. It soothes at a touch. It cleanses, purifies and Heals.

HOLLOWAYS BRAND OINTMENT is sold everywhere at 3d., 1/3, 3/- and 5/-

LEND TO DEFEND THE RIGHT TO BE FREE!

Make your contribution to help the country win the war by buying National Savings Certificates. See p. 29.

★ The Last Laugh

WAITER (Kensington).—"I told him that the eggs I had served were the best we'd had for two or three months." But he insisted on having some not quite so old?

F. N. (Frimley).—"Cyclists take up most of the road." Yes? It used to be road repairers.

S. S. (Dover).—"I am not myself at all. Striking a mine does not tend to hilarity." Unless, of course, it's a gold mine.

P. N. (Angmering).—"I had been filling sandbags and I explained to her that I was a little stiff." Well, you said it yourself.

Mrs. G. (Hatfield).—"My husband works late at the office nearly every night but he never complains." See letter below.

Mr. G. (Hatfield).—"I must say that all the typists in our office are really pretty girls." See letter above.

C. P. (Evertton).—"An instrument like the piano was used by the Greeks." We know—our neighbours still have one.

W. B. (Thetford).—"I intend having a pig and fowls in my back garden, and I reckon they'll keep me comfortably." And your neighbours awake?

FOOD REFORMER (Fleet).—"The man who eats too much has to pay dearly for it." So has the man who eats only a little these days.

W. N. (Cromer).—"Do you know how I can have the shape of my nose altered cheaply?" You might try going for a brisk walk in the black-out.

P. J. (Kelvedon).—"Every man seems to have his own particular fads; so, tell me, which do you consider the best part of a turkey?" The meat.

T. V. (Balham).—"The other night my neighbour was shining a powerful electric torch in his garden. I wonder what he was looking for?" Trouble, we should say.

Winston Helped Him Win!

A WAY back in misty 1913, Mr. C. Michaelson, of Edinburgh, won our 56th *Bullets* First Prize—and with his big cheque developed a prosperous business.

Last week the name at the top of our prize-list was H. S. Michaelson, 26, Oxgate Court, Coles Green Road, London, N.W. Encouraged by his late father's success over twenty-six years ago, this young cartoonist had captured our 1,196th First Prize with his "Bullet." WINSTON'S TONGUE—"WHIPS" ENERGIES—"LASHES" ENEMIES.

"That £200 effort," said dark, bespectacled young Mr. Michaelson, "was not so much 'constructed' as hacked out of a mass of words which I associated with Winston."

"Until this big win I'd achieved only minor successes in *Bullets*. As a cartoonist, I can certainly say that I've never before 'drawn' so much money for a single 'line.'"

"Study the winning *Bullets*, one by one—that's my advice to other entrants. Then let your imagination grapple with the germ of any bright idea which may spring to your mind from the *Examples*. Finally, polish every word of your effort, so that even your wife thinks it 'not bad'!"

You can be the next JOHN BULL reader to draw £200 cash for a cartoon in words. Turn to *Examples* on opposite page and brush in the first strokes now!

Side-Slips

EVENING STAR:—"... air-raid warnings given in East Kent area was due to PRESENTS of unidentified aircraft..."

THE DERBYSHIRE TIMES:—"When stewing plums, apples, etc., add a pinch of bicarbonate of soda..."

FALKIRK HERALD:—"... but volunteered for WINESWEEPING service 'as proof that I am not shirking danger or inconvenience.'"

NEWS CHRONICLE:—"... it has been the earnest endeavour of himself and his colleagues to give every possible opportunity to the internee to TASTE his case..."

SOUTH WALES ECHO:—"The Minister for Good has repeatedly warned housewives that they will have to make up their minds to use more margarine."

SOUTHPORT GUARDIAN:—"Use the heat in grill boiler when the GRIN is 'on.'"

CAMBRIDGESHIRE TIMES:—"Found—small green NURSE and identity card..."

CATERHAM TIMES:—"About 120 tons of paper are saved in this way and its sale helps to SMELL the local exchequer."

B. S. (Eastbourne).—"I am learning to drive a car and also to play golf." Hit anything yet?

G. M. (Stowe).—"If you weren't British, Mr. Editor, what nationality would you want to be?" British.

D. L. (Charing).—"Code messages were discovered written on an officer's evening-dress shirt." News from the front?

Eva (Chester).—"My sister pinches her cheeks to keep them rosy." That's better than pinching your rouge, isn't it?

PETTY OFFICER (Portsmouth).—"The Silent Service never lets things drop." Except depth charges, of course.

P. G. (Ongar).—"It is stupid to say that children can be self-taught. What would the average class do without a teacher?" Nothing.

J. K. (Dereham).—"This is a world of reform this and reform that. Do you belong to a reform organisation?" We do. We're married.

S. W. (Ludlow).—"After all, where would recruits be if there were no drill, parades, fatigues or strict discipline in barracks?" In the canteen, most probably.

T. L. (Neath).—"The spirit of Christmas is abroad." In that case our boys in France stand a good chance of getting a little brandy for their Christmas puddings.

S. T. (London, W.).—"Somebody has drawn a picture of Goering on the wall of the shelter and we use it for dart practice." Why not substitute Goebbels and make the target more difficult?



The Kid By LEES

E. E. (Fareham).—"The widow next door has asked my advice about her garden." Perhaps she wants to get rid of her weeds.

W. R. (Heywood).—"After all, when I go to a doctor for treatment I expect to get some profit from it." So does the doctor.

Mrs. G. (Kingston).—"I can't understand why our maid left. We always treated her like one of the family." Perhaps that's why.

S. L. R. (Swindon).—"Young people are too soft nowadays. If I had my way I'd soon knock some sense into them." But where would you get the sense?

H. L. (Morecambe).—"I don't wholly agree with the writer who said that it is easy to be good on £5,000 a year." No; but £5,000 would be a help.

HISTORIAN (Oxford).—"The gallant knight of old performed spectacular deeds of bravery on Christmas Day to prove his devotion to a maiden fair." Nowadays, of course, he proves it by sampling one of her mince pies.

3 Minute Mystery SOLUTION

BELL'S body had been in the water for more than five hours, and the "suicide note" had been written in indelible pencil. Yet Connolly was "struck by the sharp, clean outline of the rapidly written strokes."

Had the note been in the water for even a short time, let alone five hours, the indelible pencil marks would have "run" and smudged so badly that the writing would be almost illegible.

Connolly established later that Bowman had murdered Sergeant Bell through personal enmity.



Cartoon by Reader Michaelson, "Bullets" First Prize Winner



£200
Bullets
Prizes

£20 Also EXTRA SLEEP DAILY
2-in-1 2nd. PRIZE

£10 Also EXTRA SLEEP DAILY
2-in-1 3rd. PRIZE

£200 4' ELECTRIC TORCHES
REAL HOME USE, WALKING or CYCLING

MORNING TEA by MAGIC
allowing for EXTRA SLEEP DAILY

It's uncanny—but what a comfort! Overnight you set the Alarm of the "Total" Electric Clock. Morning comes—the alarm rings, the clock is suddenly flooded and there, beside your bed, is a pot of boiling hot tea! Apart from thus allowing you extra sleep each morning, the "Total" will make tea automatically at any hour of day or night—a boon for busy housewives, lonely husbands, bachelors, A.R.P. workers... for everybody!



HOW TO WIN YOUR 2-in-1 PRIZE

WHETHER your reward for entering a few simple words in this *Bullet* contest is that splendid £200 First, or one of the other chief prizes, you will also receive a wonderful new electric device for your home which will enable you to enjoy extra sleep every morning throughout the New Year!

Further substantial cash prizes follow these three big two-in-one rewards for good *Bullets*, and the many useful prizes for runners-up include another big batch of the all-purpose Electric Torches which so delighted winners a few weeks ago.

To make a *Bullet*, simply add TWO, THREE or FOUR words of apt and original comment to any of the Examples given.

For instance, only last week a Londoner took WINSTON'S TONGUE as his Example, and, by adding the words "WHIPS" ENERGIES—"LASHES" ENEMIES, pocketed a cheque for £200 cash.

Let the winners in our 1,197th Contest on this page show you a few of the hundreds of ways to score in *Bullets*—then get busy on your entry for the coupons provided for you below.

'BULLETS' 1,197 RESULT

First Prize, £200 plus Hamper, Turkey and Cake:
G. W. WHITWOOD, Wynacourt, Aldwyn Gardens, Consett, Durham.
Example: It's A FUNNY THING, BUT
Bullet: BUTTER IS TO-DAY'S "JAM"!

SECOND PRIZE, £20 plus Turkey:
Mrs. E. H. TISDALE, 25, Grosvenor Street, Everton, Liverpool.
Example: The Allies
Bullet: Want "Prizes"? No, "Solution."

THIRD PRIZE, £10 plus Turkey:
W. T. TRENGOVE, 27, Nottingham Road, Brighton.
Example: To Free The World
Bullet: Fighting's Only First Step.

OTHER PRIZES:
£5 plus Fowl:
W. H. BREWSTER, 33, Duhvagan Road, Epsom, London, S.E.
With The Empire's Help—Freely Advanced—Freedom Advancing.
£4 plus Fowl:
A. M. WARDELL, "Glenmore," Manor Road, Beverley, Yorks.
Letter From Home—Tonic—Till, "Baby's Ill—"

£3 plus Fowl:
Mrs. BLACKWELL, 10, Primrose Hill, Lancaster.
Asking For It—German Who "Questions" Hitler!

10 PRIZES OF £2 10s. each plus Cake:
W. ALEXANDER, 372, Clapham Road, Stockwell, S.W.
To Free The World—Turks Now Helping "Crusaders."

A. G. ANDREWS, 36, Highfield Lane, Southampton, Hants.
Champion Liar—Our Clock—It's German!
A. BARR, 32, Ulundi Road, Johnstone, Renfrewshire.
Letter From Home—Brought "Sun"—And "Mist."

J. C. HODGE, Bow, North Devon.
Gearing's Optimism—"Sit On Daddy's Lap!"
M. HOYLE, 170, Broadway, Roath, Cardiff.
Vell Of Secrecy—Hides "Beauties" In Whitehall!

(Entered on Prize coupon.)
Mrs. C. JONES, 2, New Road, Dawley, Shropshire.
For Christmas—Unlit Lanterna—Silent Bell's.
Mrs. M. E. MARKS, 118, Laburnum Grove, Portsmouth.

Before War Started—"Torpedoing" Gies—"Salvaging" Now.
R. D. ROSE, 33, Wendover Drive, Bedford.
The Allies—"Prevailing" Despite "Wind."

Mrs. A. THORPE, 206, Manchester Road, Denton, Manchester.
The Allies—Dad's Legs—Until "Fortified"!
B. WALLSGROVE, 163, Birmingham Road, Alcester, Coventry.
Letter From Home—Cost "Song"—Restored Whistle.

List of winners of 20 Hampers, 25 Turkeys, 30 Fowls and 60 Xmas Cakes can be seen at these offices.

RULES.—1. First prize will be awarded for what, in the opinion of the judges in consultation with the Editor, is the best *Bullet* received, and the other prizes in order of merit, the test being cleverness, aptness and originality. The Editor undertakes that every *Bullet* received shall have careful consideration by a competent staff of qualified judges. 2. Only two attempts may be written on each coupon and stamps must be stuck or Postal Order enclosed as N.B. If desired, Grosvenor entry, made in accordance with Rules on page 39, may be enclosed with *Bullets*; double your prize-winning opportunity by also entering a Grosvenor each week.

BLOCK LETTERS PLEASE

NAME.....

Full Postal ADDRESS.....

ADDRESS LABEL ABOVE TO YOURSELF—AND SO SECURE POST-FREE COPY OF "BULLETS" BULLETIN, DATED JAN. 13, YOUR FREE GUIDE TO SUCCESS

14

ADD 2, 3 or 4 WORDS to any "EXAMPLE"

IN LIFE'S MINE-FIELDS TROUBLE IN GERMANY THE RED CROSS SHOCK FOR THE NEUTRALS ACCORDING TO GRANDPA TOO EASY NOW MENPECK'S A SERGEANT NAZI JUSTICE WAITING FOR ANOTHER WISE SHOPKEEPER OUR PLUMBER'S IN THE ARMY, SO UNTIL FURTHER NOTICE BACK TO BLIGHTY IN CAME FATHER AND ABOVE THE CLOUDS HOLDING THE FORT MAKES THINGS WORSE RUTHLESSLY USELESS TO-DAY IN LOVE AND WAR

Six "Examples" below are for completion with any ONE additional word of your choice in the position indicated by dotted line. Thus you will find it easy to discover attractive and differing "Examples" on which to build your "Bullets" as instructed.

IF HITLER WERE CRIME
PAYING FOR SO
WAR IS WITH ALL OUR
NOW SONNY'S

ENTER on these NEW STAMP or P.O. COUPONS

CUT RIGHT ROUND THIS DOTTED LINE

EXAMPLE
BULLET
EXAMPLE
BULLET

"BULLETS" No. 1,201
Closing postmark, SAT., DEC. 30.

I agree to enter in accordance with rules.

SIGNED
ADDRESS

ADD YOUR NAME AND ADDRESS TO LABEL ALSO

1d. STAMP	1d. STAMP	1d. STAMP	1d. STAMP
-----------	-----------	-----------	-----------

For one "Bullet" stick 1d. stamp to each space above.
For two "Bullets" stick additional 1d. stamp to each space above.

Stick 1d. Stamps here at rate of 3d. ENTRY-FEE for each "Bullet" submitted. P.O. may be used if preferred—if so, write its number and value across stamp space.

EXAMPLE
BULLET
EXAMPLE
BULLET

"BULLETS" No. 1,201
Closing postmark SAT., DEC. 30

I agree to enter in accordance with rules.

SIGNED
ADDRESS

1d. STAMP	1d. STAMP	1d. STAMP	1d. STAMP
-----------	-----------	-----------	-----------

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Stick 1d. Stamps here at rate of 3d. ENTRY-FEE for each "Bullet" submitted. P.O. may be used if preferred—if so, write its number and value across stamp space.

FREE COUPON FOR THIS COMPETITION IF USED AS INSTRUCTED BELOW

EXAMPLE
BULLET
EXAMPLE
BULLET

FREE PRIVILEGE ENTRY
I enclose TWO or more paid 6d. (or prize) coupons for *Bullets* No. 1,201 or X-word No. 182 entry value 1s. or over, all entered in same name and address, entitling me to this coupon FREE.

SIGNED
ADDRESS

ADDRESS "BULLETS" No. 1,201,
ENTRY: "JOHN BULL,"
LONG ACRE,
LONDON, W.C.2 (Comp.).

DON'T BE TOO LATE
Closing postmark
SATURDAY, DEC. 30



**To Get The
Best Out Of Christmas.**

Christmas is nearly here again with its happy gatherings, parties and dances. Why not let Bile Beans help you to be at your best so that you can enjoy every moment? Bile Beans not only make you fit and well but will enable you to enjoy and thoroughly digest Christmas fare—and you needn't be afraid of putting on weight.

*Keep Smiling
and Keep
Fit and Well*

NOW, more than ever before, it's up to you to keep "fighting fit." Whether at work on the home-front or serving with the forces, let Bile Beans keep you really fit and well.

Remember—good health means a happy disposition and the spirit that makes light of difficulties. So start now on the road to health and fitness with the aid of Bile Beans.

Bile Beans are purely vegetable and act in Nature's way. They tone up the system, purify the blood, assist digestion and daily ensure complete elimination.

OBTAINABLE EVERYWHERE

BILE BEANS

BRAND PILLS

Will Keep Up Your Health & Spirits

F.26

J.B.L. 102

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